

The Sign



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

A Catholic President?

AN EDITORIAL

Persecution

BY ALFRED CAGNEY, C. P.

The Papacy

BY NICHOLAS M. LAWLER

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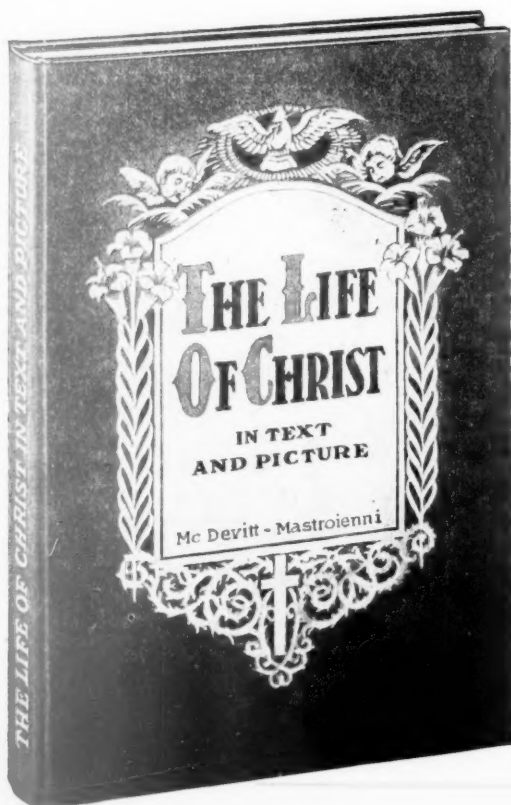
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To the READERS of THE SIGN.

My Dear Friends:

It is frequently charged that the Catholic Church lives in the past. That is not true. But it is true that she lives with those who have passed—her saints. The Martyrs, Apostles, Confessors and Virgins are not historical figures to her; they are palpitating realities, and throughout the days of the year she honors them. But these days are so few and she has so many Saints, both canonized and unknown, that, lest she slight any of them, she assembles them and does them reverence on the first day of November. That's ALL Saints' Day.

For centuries the Church has also set apart the second day of November for the remembrance and succor of ALL Souls. On that day she brings before us with a triumphant faith in their personal immortality those of her children who are not yet saints but who have passed from the trials and disappointments, the follies and sins of this life into the wide mercies of the all-kind God.

She recalls these souls not to commemorate them or honor them with a mere perfunctory service, but to pray for them and to help them. For the Church teaches that not all the dead are in Heaven or in Hell; that there is a middle state, called Purgatory, where some souls are detained until, thoroughly cleansed and purified, they are fit for admission into the presence of the all-holy God.

Belief in Purgatory should commend itself to all Christians who believe in the sinfulness of sin and the white sanctity of God. The average human is certainly not bad enough to go to Hell nor is he good enough for the presence of God. The act of dying does not change his character. His soul goes somewhere. Where? The Church calls the place Purgatory.

And the Church teaches also that we living can aid the souls detained in Purgatory; that in God's wonderful economy with His human family He deigns to accept in behalf of some the merits of others; so that by our Masses, our prayers, our self-denials, our various good works we can help the souls in Purgatory.

Let us not forget that in all probability there are in Purgatory some who were once very closely knit to us by love and relationship; some to whom we are real debtors; some whom we have injured by our example and companionship. We can help them if we only will.

Faithfully yours in Christ.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

P. S. May I suggest that a very good way of helping the Poor Souls is by the giving of alms. Please read pages 241-250 of this issue. The pitiful condition of the starving Chinese in our Passionist missions gives us an opportunity of doing charity to the living and of assisting the dead.

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Volume Six

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Number Four

Current Fact and Comment

A Catholic President?

WE FIND it difficult to describe the attitude of Catholics to the question of a Catholic President of the United States. While a majority might agree that the election of a Catholic to the Presidency would be a good thing simply to prove that in this country there is no union between State and Church; that there are no religious tests for the holding of public office; no hateful bigotry and narrow intolerance; in a word, no discrimination against any American because of his religious beliefs and opinions—while Catholics would agree for such reasons as these, there are probably no other considerations on which they would be found united.

The fact is that in spite of the reasons just given, many Catholics would hold that under no consideration should a Catholic be elected because either through timidity or for selfish political reasons he would show no favor and grant no privilege to his Church or to his fellow-religionists. These Catholics maintain that Catholics are far better under Protestant Presidents who, fearing no charge of partiality, give them a square deal.

Other Catholics claim that a Catholic should not be President, lest the Church herself would be blamed for his mistakes, and some mistakes even the best of Presidents will make.

Others, again, modifying the same view, are fearful that if a Catholic were President too much would be expected of him—he would be expected to measure up to the highest ideals of American citizenship both in his internal and foreign policies and failure to reach these ideals would bring discredit on his Church as well as on himself.

Again, there are those Catholics who think that the Presidency is so beset with temptations against the Divine law of justice (a law so strictly

interpreted by the Catholic Church) that a Catholic could *scarcely* administer the office without violating his conscience, just as Christ said that a rich man will *hardly* enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Lastly, there is the pessimistic Catholic, and he is many, who with a wise gesture dismisses the whole question with, "What's the use—there never will be a Catholic President!"

Our own opinion may be thus expressed: We have such faith in the basic fairness and broad-mindedness of the American people—at least a great majority of them—that we believe they would vote for a Catholic if they were convinced that he possessed the qualifications for the office in a degree excelling those of any other candidate—if they thought him the *best* candidate.

We are further convinced that if a *good* Catholic were elected President, he would rise to the heights of purest patriotism; he would put America above all other countries without injustice to any; he would respect liberty of conscience and every kind of liberty that makes for human happiness; he would put the common good before selfish aims; and, though we like to believe that he would distribute his favors regardless of creed, we confess to a sneaking suspicion that, human nature being what it is, Protestants would be more favored by him than Catholics. Please note that we are speaking about a *good* Catholic. What a *bad* Catholic would do in the White House, God alone knows, and—God save us from *him*!

Hell Out of Date?

IT APPEARS that the Protestant Bishop of Liverpool and Jerome K. Jerome (an author read once on a time) object to a belief in Hell and even

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reprobate the very mention of that place. The human race has sufficiently evolved now and has reached a state of moral perfection—so, why continue to believe in something that was instituted only to scare people into being good? The world has outgrown childish bogies. Besides, Hell is not to be mentioned in the presence of nice people. It is not the proper thing, you know! The bishop pompously says: "The old symbolism of an eternal punishment has gone completely from religious doctrines." "It is an evil heresy stultifying the teaching of Christ," laments Mr. Jerome.

Possibly the wish may be father to the thought. Things happen that way occasionally. St. Augustine remarks that he whose life deserves the pains of an eternal Hell is the one who denies its existence. We quote this with no personal reference to the lives of the bishop and the author.

There is nothing so clearly evident in Holy Writ as the existence of an eternal Hell. How anyone who reads the New Testament and believes in the truthfulness of Christ can possibly doubt the existence and eternal duration of Hell is something difficult to explain. It may be that we need not be scared any more; or, perhaps, "whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

Mr. Jerome and the bishop might employ their leisure to better advantage. If the author wishes to be funny let him give us another story like "Three Men in a Boat." And the bishop would do well to read his Bible with a little more accuracy. His platitudes about the remorse for one's misdeeds being hell enough is characteristic of Anglican compromise in religious matters.

Where the truths of divine revelations are concerned there can be no adulteration, no whittling down. If there be no Hell, then the New Testament has been mis-read for the past twenty centuries and the Son of God died in agony on a cross simply to save us from a nightmare!

The League and Unity

THE OBJECTIVE of the League of Nations is to outlaw war—to war on war. As a means to this very laudable end every nation of economic and military importance is to be enrolled in the League; or, if not admitted as a member, is to act in the spirit of the League. Not one important nation can be overlooked. The success of the League is dependent on the concerted action of all. The defection or opposition of one great power will place the success of the League in jeopardy. What is needed is Unity—unity of purpose, unity of action.

However unconsciously, the League is trying to effect the perfection of organization which so strongly marks the Catholic Church. The strength of the Church is in her unity—unity of belief, unity of government, unity of discipline. This unity is world-wide, binding together the most diverse and even antagonistic peoples into one harmonious whole. By many this is called the Roman System. What is generally overlooked in it is that the various elements that make up this wonderful unit recognize and obey one supreme Head.

If the League is to attain its purpose it must not only be a corporate union of nations but these combined nations must be directed by a head whose final decision must be respected and carried out by all members of the League.

Since the League is striving for corporate unity such as is found in the Roman System, it might not be a bad idea to constitute a head with powers similar to the Pope's. It might even be suggested that the Roman Pontiff himself, the greatest living force in the cause of world peace, be invited to act as Head of the League.

In such simple things as a baseball game and a prize-fight we need an umpire and a referee. Further, a body without a head is a corpse.

Some Protestant Ministers

UP AND DOWN the land there are sincere, humble and God-fearing Protestant clergymen whose aim in life is to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They feel that they are "called" to be ministers of the Christian Religion, to make Christ known to their people and thus bring these people to conform their lives to the life of Christ in purity and justice and holiness.

What a shock and humiliation it must be to these good men when they see their pulpits prostituted to the cause of party politics and when they hear the secular press dictate that it is right and just that the Christian pulpit should be open to every Tom, Dick and Harry who feels an urge to speak of things that have mighty little in common with Christ's religion. Political issues and candidates, prohibition and prize-fighting, Sunday baseball and Sunday rabbit-chasing, card-playing and cigarette-smoking—all these things are discussed in the pulpit in place of "justice and chastity and the judgment to come," the supreme dominion of Almighty God and His eternal rewards and punishments.

Not a few of these ministers must look with wistful eyes to the Catholic Church knowing that she, with the voice of Divine authority, orders the preaching of God's Word Sunday after Sunday to

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the rigid exclusion of worldly topics. Well they know that in the Catholic pulpit the Kingdom of God is sought *first* and Christ Crucified is preached; in their heart of hearts they long for that Communion where their sincere zeal and high ideals would have full play. These good men are objects of interest and pity, and of prayer too—prayer that God in His goodness may remove the tremendous obstacles that keep them outside the True Fold.

The Methodist Ministry

SPEAKING of the Methodist ministry of today a Methodist bishop says that "the majority of the Methodist ministry enter by the road of the theological schools."

If they have to travel at night we hope they will find a better way of burning the "midnight oil" than that of the "fiery cross."

May we expect also, as a result of the theological training and education, some greatly needed improvements. Among these may be mentioned:

First. More religion and less politics in Methodist pulpits.

Second. A clearer distinction between drunkenness and the process of fermentation.

Third. Such a reverence for the Decalogue as will destroy the desire to amend and improve (!) it.

Fourth. A moral perspective that will not proclaim divorce and cigarette-smoking as evils of equal enormity.

Fifth. A conviction that for performing a Christian marriage something more is necessary than a State license.

Sixth. A realization that the Mayflower was not a modern Noah's Ark.

Lady Astor's Comments

THOUGH they are divers estimates of the character and ability of Lady Astor, we cannot withhold our admiration of a few sentiments she expressed before sailing for England. Of Dean Inge she said that "few people took him seriously" and that "his ideas on politics and religion are wrong." "Religion is not gloomy. It is happy and something to cheer us and make us more content." And again she said that "spirituality is necessary for everyone that lives"—"that we cannot live without some of it in our souls!" If by "spirituality" Lady Astor meant the grace of God indwelling in the soul and imparting to it a supernatural life, then the saying is truly wonderful coming from Lady Astor.

Of Queen Marie she stated: "She has the most remarkable war record of any woman in the world. She went into places filled even with lepers where the dead were piled two and three feet deep." For a Sister of Charity this would be no great thing, but for a queen it passes all commendation.

However, all this pales into insignificance when confronted with the climax of Lady Astor's eulogy of Queen Marie: "I never heard her say a mean or spiteful thing about anyone." What woman—or man for that matter—would not envy such a record eclipsing all war records! If it be true that the Roumanian Queen *never* said a *mean* or *spiteful* thing about *any one*, then she deserves from the people of the United States an ovation surpassing in intelligence and enthusiasm any ever given to a Dewey, an Ederle, a Ruth or a Tunney.

Neither Economics Nor Currency

RECENTLY Bishop Blake, the Methodist Bishop in Paris, contributed an article to the *North-western Christian Advocate* in which he states that while both Protestantism and Catholicism suffered economically from the war, still Protestantism emerged deprived of prestige and power while the prestige and power of the Catholic Church were much enhanced. He attributes this to the fact that the Protestant Churches are national in character and therefore dependent on local resources; whereas the international organization of the Catholic Church assumes a distribution of the burden throughout the whole body.

He thus makes the progress of Catholics and the collapse of Protestantism in Europe a matter of economics and currency. It is true that the charity of foreign Catholics, particularly American Catholics, did come to the help of Catholic institutions in war-stricken Europe. But it was never true and never will be true that the stability of the Catholic Church rests on such fluctuating foundations as French francs and German marks—be they paper or gold. The Church has an inherent principle of life which is independent of government forms, economic conditions and national boundaries.

Internal Complications

Poor Georgia! Every Klan candidate for public office has been defeated. The Democrats of Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana—dishonored and discredited by their complicity with the Klan—have already repented. Probably the Republicans of Oregon, Indiana, Ohio and Colorado will soon be

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on their way to the mourners' bench. In these States the Klan formerly claimed everything; now for a politician to wear the triple K brand is to run a large chance of losing everything.

The Klan waxed fat on ignorance, intolerance and bigotry. If it is dying is not for lack of nourishment to glut itself. Its disease is organic, due to complications about State and Federal patronage and the disposition of funds. Its successor is already here—the Minute Men. And it shall have others. In this land of "old American stock" there will always be simpletons and fanatics with wizards to rob them and politicians to exploit them.

The Rape of Mexico

WE ARE indebted to *Liberty* for the publication of two letters to Mr. Harvey on the Persecution of Mexican Catholics. The author is Mr. Sidney Sutherland, an American born in Mexico and the son of a Methodist missionary. By his training he is well equipped to report the situation accurately, and his religious affiliations preclude the charge of his being partial to Catholics. In his first letter he drew a sharp pen-picture of the plight of 11,000,000 Catholics bereft of religious freedom by a minority of government barbarians. In the second letter he gives the causes of Mexico's present unhappy condition. Some quotations will be enlightening:

1. The Yaquis Indians are in power, represented by Plutarco Elias Calles, Alvaro Obregon and others from the northern part of the republic:

Today, Mexico has a Yaquis government; savage, unsparing, antagonistic to religion, bitterly loathing everything foreign—especially the American and his Anglo-Saxon civilization—selfish, cunning, and bent on annihilating its ancient foes—the cultured class of Mexico and the Roman Catholic Church.

Nine years ago, a grotesque congress met at Queretaro within a few rods of the Cerro de las Campanas—the Hill of the Bells—where Maximilian faced the firing squad. Under President Venustiano Carranza, pro-German and anti-American during the World War, this body was composed solely of men who had aided the aged adventurer to power and were panting to share in his rape of the country.

2. The influence of Freemasonry. The Catholic Church is frequently accused of narrow-mindedness in her attitude to the Masonic Lodges. We are only too happy to witness to the goodness and liberality of many Masons, but we must not forget that if the Church is opposed to Masonry it is because Masonry is opposed to the Church. We know that there is a world of difference between American and Latin Freemasonry, but we are compelled to admit that many American lodges are inoculated with the anti-Catholic venom that has

poisoned practically all the Latin lodges. Says Mr. Sutherland:

On February 12, there appeared nocturnally posted on the corners of the city of Mexico an open letter to the President, signed by numerous Mexican Masonic lodges and leaders, demanding the discharge of every Catholic in government employ and the substitution therefor of Mexican Masons.

This is an appropriate place, Harvey, to inform you that, save for two or three lodges under American jurisdiction, only one of which took part in this harsh and unjustified demand, American Masonry does not recognize the Mexican orders. There are reasons, and I assure you that all of them are sufficient.

Indescribable hardships followed a somewhat general compliance with this Mexican Masonic suggestion.

Old men who had been working for their country for many years, young women stenographers, and many heads of families were ousted from their jobs and left destitute to make room for men and women willing to sign a pledge that they were not Catholics and were staunch supporters of the Calles program.

And with foreigners expressly forbidden to take part in Mexico's politics, particularly when religious questions are involved, it is interesting to note that numerous signers of the Masonic letter were foreigners, including several Chinese. They were not punished, as the law requires. I am sending you, as a matter of record, a picture of the letter, with the names of such foreigners under-lined.

3. Observe the strategy of the Government in favoring the American and English Protestants:

Then came the blow which the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico had been dreading and half hoping might be averted. The religious *reglamento*, as the enabling act is called in Mexico, was issued on June 14, above the signature of President Calles.

The Catholic world staggered under this punch. The Protestant world, composed mostly of foreigners, should have been identically affected had it not been for the cunning strategy of the Federal government. The latter took a few pretentious steps to make it seem that all creeds were alike the target of the *reglamento*, but in reality secretly assured the American and English Protestants to sit quiet and not get excited. Foreign Minister Aaron Saenz and his brother, Moses, under-Secretary of Education, are Methodists, by the way.

4. Against a helpless people are leagued an atheistic government, a disciplined army and a Russianized labor organization:

Thus on August 1, 1926, began the great religious warfare of Mexico. On the one hand was President Calles and the might of his splendid army, abetted by the disciplined power of highly organized soviet labor; and on the other hand, Archbishop Mora y del Rio, the Catholic episcopate, and the millions of helpless but unswervingly loyal followers of the Church.

The persecution in Mexico, an unbiased onlooker must conclude, is aimed against Christianity itself. The Catholic Church is bearing the brunt of the battle. Protestantism would be persecuted in similar virulent fashion if it were strong enough and big enough to be seen and felt.

Dr. John McLoughlin

A Pioneer Catholic in the Northwest

THE DISTRESSING distinction attained by Oregon in the matter of legislative propaganda directed ostensibly against private schools, but leveled actually against Catholic education, lends a very timely interest to any study of the religious influences affecting the big Northwestern State's early history. Judged by my own impressions I should say the fact that most strikes the reader making a first acquaintance with her annals is the predominating part played by Catholics, clerical and lay, in her upbuilding.

Indeed the man most wholly and characteristically identified with her foundation—Dr. John McLoughlin—entered the Church at the most potent period of his career. That this act was in part, at least, the logical outcome of his observations of Catholicity as exemplified in the lives of her missionaries and her children, there is no reason to doubt. And his memory—though the greatest in Oregon's story—is but one rung in a ladder of Catholic tradition that goes back to a time antedating the Declaration of Independence.

Far-flung in extent as is the State to-day, the original Oregon country comprised a surpassingly larger realm, running sheer from the northern rim of California and Nevada to Alaska, and covering a great belt between the Rockies and the Pacific Ocean. Up that coast as far as 54 N. lat. sailed in 1774 the Spanish navigator, Juan Perez. He was followed in 1775 by his countryman, Bruno Heceta, who made a landing and asserted Spain's right to possession. Both explorers were accompanied by Franciscan missionaries. Visited near the beginning of the eighteenth century's last quarter by the English navigator, Captain Cook, and made by him the basis for a tremendously lucrative fur trade, the country, after the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, attracted American enterprise, and it was an American, Captain Robert Gray, who in 1792 discovered the Columbia River, thus giving to the United States its first logical claim to the country.

The summer of 1805 saw those intrepid young Americans, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, crossing the Rocky Mountains, and following the Columbia till it reached the Ocean, in their devoted carrying-out of President Jefferson's design to explore the Northwest. Their success naturally strengthened the American claim to the country.

The early years of the nineteenth century envis-

BY ELEANOR RODGERS COX

aged the dramatic strife for the control of the Northwestern fur

trade, the chief companies interested being the Northwestern Fur Co. of Montreal, the Hudson's Bay Co. and the Pacific Fur Co., the latter being the American enterprise directed by John Jacob Astor, who had established his headquarters at Fort Astoria. Astor's effort came to collapse in 1813, the catastrophe being precipitated by the visit of a hostile British man-of-war, which entered the Columbia and took the fort. Some nine years later the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwestern Fur Company merged their interests, the Hudson's Bay people keeping the controlling directorate. It was as their chief representative that John McLoughlin, then in his fortieth year, and selected for the post by reason of the strong executive ability he had already displayed, came to Oregon in 1824.

Of Irish descent by his father and Scottish by his mother, he had been born on Canadian soil on October 19, 1784. While it is said both his parents were Catholics, it may be his mother was a convert, or the offspring of a mixed marriage, for, as a result of his being reared in the home of his maternal grandfather, he grew up a member of the Episcopal persuasion. Thoroughgoing in that, as in all things else, his belief manifested itself not alone in the excellence of his own life, but in his care for the spiritual well-being of those under his jurisdiction. Thus long before his conversion to the Catholic Faith, we see him, when no ordained clergyman could be present, reading the appropriate Sunday lessons for the small congregation at Fort Vancouver. His domestic life was a happy one, blessed by a sympathetic wife, and four children.

THE YEAR 1816 had seen the conclusion of an agreement between the United States and England whereby the two countries agreed to a joint occupancy of the Oregon Country for ten years. By subsequent agreement these ten years were stretched to twenty-eight, a period, which considering the political delicacies and frictions involved, might be easily deemed tantamount to thrice their number; and, as we shall see, it was during those years that the name and fame of John McLoughlin wrote themselves ineffaceably into the story of Oregon.

One of Dr. McLoughlin's earliest acts, on taking over his new post was to found at an advantageous point on the Columbia River, Fort Vancouver, supplemented a little later by another fort about

THE † SIGN

a mile distant. These forts were the central points of the vast commercial realm dominated by the Hudson's Bay Company, and from Fort Vancouver, where the Chief Factor resided, there rayed out alike over white men and red, the beams of a justice as impartial as it was wise and conciliating. Soon the Indians, who numbered at least one hundred thousand, were moved to a kindlier understanding of the venturesome Caucasians, so that where but a short time before not less than half a hundred white men could travel with any degree of safety, two could now fare without fear of molestation. How thorough was the rule of peace established by John McLoughlin may be gathered from the fact that during his twenty-two years' administration of the Hudson's Bay Company's fortunes, no single Indian conflict arose. A strong contributing cause to this happy outcome was the Chief Factor's determined action, from his first coming to Oregon, against the sale of liquor to the tribesmen. Indeed, his apprehension of the sinister results of such barter was evidenced on one occasion by his purchase of a ship's cargo of liquor designed for the redmen.

HSINCERITY like this, backed up by a firmness which had no element of vacillation, explains in a degree his salutary influence on the feather-decked warriors. His portrait, as drawn in Holman's biography of him, is certainly attractive. "Physically, Dr. McLoughlin was a superb specimen of man. His height was not less than six feet four inches. He carried himself as a master, which gave him an appearance of being more than six feet and a half high. He was almost perfectly proportioned. Mentally he was endowed to match his magnificent physical proportions. He was brave and fearless; he was true and just; he was truthful and scorned a lie. The Indians, as well as his subordinates, soon came to know that if he threatened punishment for an offense, it was certain as that the offense occurred. He was abso-

lute master of himself and those under him. . . . And yet with all these qualities, he had the greatest kindness, sympathy, and humanity."

THERE are on record glowing reports of the hospitality which prevailed at Fort Vancouver, under his directing hand. Here the traveler, fore-spent with struggle against uncouth conditions, found heartening welcome and a plenteous board. Even when the traveler was a trade rival, like Nathaniel Wyeth, arriving with a famished following at the Fort, no shade bedimmed the Chief Factor's urbanity. As Lewis himself set it down in his Journal for October 29th, 1832: "Arrived at the Fort of Vancouver. Here I was received with the utmost kindness and hospitality by Dr. John McLoughlin, the acting Governor of the place. Our people were supplied with food and shelter. I find Dr. John McLoughlin a fine old gentleman, truly philanthropic in his ideas." Later in the same journal he wrote: "Dr. McLoughlin is a man distinguished as much for his kindness and humanity as his good sense and information; and to whom I am so much indebted that he will never be forgotten by me."



DR. JOHN McLOUGHLIN

Solicitous at all times for the best welfare of those so largely depending upon him, McLoughlin evinced a special friendliness for missionaries, among these being the Methodist group who came from the States in 1835. One of their number, Jason Lee, has recorded in his diary how they were received by the Chief Factor "with the utmost politeness, attention and liberality." Indeed so promising a field for Methodist missionary endeavor was Oregon held to be by those directing the sect's policies in the East, that a special movement known as the Great Reinforcement, and employing many missionaries was launched for its spiritual annexation, the party arriving there, highly-provisioned, in 1840. Welcomed by Dr. McLoughlin as whole-heartedly as their brethren had

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been, no great accession to Methodist tenets followed their settlement. Indeed, as Mr. Holman has said, "The Methodist Oregon Mission was then, so far as converting the Indians, a failure." Prominent among these "Reinforcement" brethren were George Abernethy and the Rev. Alvin Waller—names that Dr. McLoughlin had grim occasion to remember afterwards.

CATHOLIC influences during these years were accomplishing edifying results throughout that region, Fathers Blanchet and Demers, having in 1838, negotiated the Rockies for the purpose of preaching Christ's truth to the traders, pioneers and Indians who constituted Oregon's population. In this movement the Church had the cordial encouragement of McLoughlin, and on the Feast of Epiphany, 1839, St. Paul's Church, the first Catholic temple of the Northwest was blessed and Holy Mass offered on its altars.

Fathers Blanchet and Demers were followed after the lapse of a few years, by Father De Smet, the Jesuit who accomplished so much wonder-work among the Indians, many of whom had already willingly adopted the truths preached by the two first-named missionaries.

It was with Father (afterwards Archbishop) Blanchet that Dr. McLoughlin contracted the deep friendship, founded on mutual esteem, which led to his seriously considering the doctrines of the Catholic Church. The examination proved so convincing, his response to God's illuminating grace was so sincere, that his conversion was ratified before Father Blanchet, on November 18, 1842, at Fort Vancouver by his profession of faith and abjuration of heresy.

It is interesting to know that a chief agency in his conversion was Dr. Milner's "End of Controversy," whose arguments effectually confirmed those advanced by Father Blanchet. Midnight Mass at Fort Vancouver that Christmas of 1842 called to the small chapel white men and red, devout women and wonder-eyed children. Up to the altar-rail among those to whom he was father, governor and friend, walked John McLoughlin, to receive his First Communion, for which he had prepared in his thoroughgoing way by an Advent devoted to fitting penance and prayer. Never from that first reception of his Lord and Savior did he deviate from his original fervor of conversion. A regular communicant, he attended Mass and Vespers, alike on Sundays and Holidays, giving at the same time the best example of pure living and proper thinking. Though his Protestant friends sometimes accompanied him to Mass, he could not be persuaded to any reciprocal attendance, however slight, at Epis-

copal services. His sturdy answer to one such invitation remains on record "No sir. 'I go to the Church that teaches truth, but not to a church that teaches error.' A pronouncement that should stand in illuminated letters for the benefit of some "broad-minded" modern Catholics.

This was the halcyon period of Dr. McLoughlin's fortunes. The Hudson's Bay Company in appreciation of the wise and strong management that had served them so potently paid him the then magnificent yearly salary of \$12,000. The respect of all men in that region was his.

While there had undoubtedly existed among some of the American settlers a smouldering prejudice against him as a representative of the British-originated Hudson's Bay Company, the sentiment was discountenanced by the general trust which he inspired. But with his entrance into the Catholic Church the sentiment was strengthened by an infusion of the intolerance aroused by his action. In a reflex way too it militated against him that there had been, as Mr. Holman states, "a partial success of the Roman Catholic missionaries among the Indians, where the Protestants had failed."

EARLY in the forties the great current of Eastern immigration began to set steadily in. The venturesome one hundred and twenty-five who led the way in 1842 were followed the next year by the daring nine hundred, who in the face of almost insuperable difficulties had fared all the distance from Independence, Mo. If—a matter of historic record—the pioneers of 1842 had reason to bless the care and benevolence of John McLoughlin in welcoming them to their new home, the later pilgrims had ample grounds for multiplying that benediction. Following the course of the Columbia River, they came to the Upper Cascades, only to find that as the rafts could not make the dangerous rapids between them and the Lower Cascades, they would have to bear the force of the incessant rains, while awaiting the cutting of a path around the Lower Cascades. McLoughlin met the emergency by dispatching boats to convey them to Fort Vancouver. To those whose means were exhausted he extended credit without security, supplied provisions to the penniless, and made it his personal care to see that those who had fallen ill were nursed back to health. Indeed it was only owing to his vigilant humanity that that worn company of pilgrims ever reached Oregon's soil. For the uneasiness and ire of the Indians over the white settlers' irruption into their once-virgin territory were now thoroughly awakened; and a plot aiming at the massacre of the entire immigrant band was coming to a head, when by the intervention of Dr. McLoughlin the murderous

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scheme collapsed. For this intervention he deserved particular credit, as such humanity, applied to Americans, was entirely outside the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose predominating desire was to keep all that Northwestern country as a great game preserve of fur-bearing animals. Implements to work their farms and seed to sow therein, money—much of it never to be repaid—he supplied to the struggling settlers.

BUT THE Chief Factor was soon to pay for his friendship shown to the Americans. In 1845 as the result of a report made by the two British officers, Vavasour and Warre, who had been despatched to Oregon to look into conditions, Dr. McLoughlin was summoned by the directorate of the Hudson's Bay Company to answer for his friendly generosity in welcoming the American immigrations. His defense, based upon the justice and right of human brotherhood, brought upon him the command from Sir George Simpson, Governor-General of the Company, that he must render no further assistance to American immigrants under any condition. Short and decisive was McLoughlin's reply: "If such is your order, I will serve you no longer."

Upon this he forwarded his resignation to the Company, and in 1846 retired to his land claim at Oregon City, which he had founded and named.

From that day the story of John McLoughlin is the story of an honest man unevenly pitted against forces of intolerance and ruthless selfishness, and losing before the end everything save faith and honor. And the most pitiful feature of the drawn-out attack which stripped him inch by inch of all he possessed, is that it was engineered and carried out by a group of those whom he had befriended with every resource at his command.

Thus, the site of Oregon City and the island now known as Abernethy Island, to which he had taken personal claim six years before the appearance of the first Methodist contingent in Oregon, were gradually alienated from his ownership through the efforts of two representatives of that Mission. In that inexcusable despoilment two principal agents were the Rev. Alvin Waller and George (afterwards Governor) Abernethy. Yet the record of their efforts pales before the final injustice wrought against the aged philanthropist by Samuel Thurston, whom the sectarians had elected to represent Oregon in Congress as Territorial Delegate. Once in Washington, Thurston made it his particular care to push the passage of the Oregon Donation Land Bill, a measure ostensibly designed to establish the legal rights of the American settlers to their holdings, but having a special clause which provided for the practical confiscation of all Dr. McLoughlin's

property. To justify this provision and secure the bill's passage, Thurston resorted to the most unblushing misrepresentation, descending to direct calumny in his letter to the members of the House of Representatives urging passage of the measure.

When the news of these nefarious doings reached Oregon, a great mass meeting re-affirming the people's trust in Dr. McLoughlin was held at Oregon City, and a petition forwarded to Congress supporting his rights. However, by the time this reached Washington Thurston's bill had been passed, and Congress was interested in other affairs.

The Oregon Methodist following showed its uncloaked approval of Thurston's tactics by holding a mass-meeting at Salem, in which resolutions reflecting most calumniously on Dr. McLoughlin's career were adopted. Never, it may be safely said, in the history of our country was displayed a more profound instance of ingratitude than this. The man against whom they protested and plotted had been their human Providence, their aid in sickness, their protector against the Indians, their creditor by thousands of unpaid dollars.

So was John McLoughlin bereft in his old age of all he had possessed. Even the roof which sheltered his dying head was his only by courtesy. Only the Master whom he had honored and served did not fail him. Fortified by his Eucharistic Lord, he passed to a better world on September 3, 1857 in his sixty-third year.

OREGON became a State in 1859, and three years afterwards the Legislative Assembly undid—as far as was then possible—the wrong wrought to John McLoughlin in life by restoring to his heirs the diverted land claims. Memorials of different kinds have since been devised in perpetuation of his memory, among them, undoubtedly most in keeping with his own aims and ideals, being the Catholic school, known as the McLoughlin Institute, of Oregon City.

As a brief summarization of his life and works, the following passage from Holman's "Life of McLoughlin," fitly justifies quotation in this sketch of a great pioneer:

"Of all the men whose lives and deeds are essential parts of the history of the Oregon country, Dr. John McLoughlin stands supremely first—there is no second. In contemplating him all others sink into comparative insignificance.... His life and character illustrate the kinship of man to God. He was God-like in his great fatherhood, in his great strength in his great power, and in the exercise of his strength and of his power. He was Christ-like in his gentleness, in his tenderness, in his loving kindness, and in his humanity."

Martin Crane: *A Story Wherein Another Takes a Hand*

OLD MARTIN CRANE said a word to the mail carrier as to the bad condition of the roads, received his evening paper and the three letters that had come for him, and then turned and walked back to the house.

He did not examine the letters till he arrived in the living room and put on his glasses. A pleasant light spread over his well wrinkled white mustached face, and a kind, reminiscent look flashed in his clear blue eyes as he recognized on the envelope of one, the handwriting of his son. "From Bill," said the old man to himself as he prepared to open the letter. Quickly he tore one end from the envelope while a number of fine lines gathered about his twinkling eyes. He sat back in the rocking chair unfolded the letter and began to read it.

As the old man read the letter from his son, quickly the happy smile faded from his face and the pleasant light went out from his clear blue eyes. Slowly a very troubled look shadowed his eyes; the old white face became drawn and the features seemed to become sharper; the hand holding the letter trembled violently. "Oh Willie!" pleaded the old father.

Bill Crane was a very fine looking young fellow, well built, almost six feet tall, not too stout, with red cheeks and merry grey eyes. He had a pleasant way with him, and all the members of the staff of the *Westville Dispatch* liked him. He had been to the war and had risen to the rank of Lieutenant in the Intelligence Department. And when he had returned he had taken up his old work of sporting editor of the *Westville Dispatch*. Lately he had not been visiting his home very often. Of course he was busy and Westville was three hundred miles from home. But letters came fairly frequently; and always the old father and mother were glad to have news of the lad.

As the old father read the letter he thanked God that mother was away on a little visit; she would not be back for three days.

There was only one thing for the old father to do and that was to go to the city as soon as possible. There was no train till midnight, but this would bring him to Westville about ten o'clock next morning.

The old man took no supper that night and it was with great difficulty he shaved. His hand trembled violently. Once or twice he stopped in the process and said tremblingly "Oh! Willie lad!"

BY B. J. MURDOCH

Long before the train arrived, he sat down in the small wayside station; but in a little while he became restless and began to walk outside, back and forth along the platform.

At a few minutes before twelve he sent a telegram to Bill in care of The Dispatch; it could be delivered there at any hour of the night and Bill would receive it on coming to work in the morning.

Dazed and every nerve in his body trembling, the old man took his seat in the day coach, feeling just a very little relieved, for now he was on the way to Bill.

He felt he could not sleep. Trembling he took the letter from his pocket, hoping that he had not read aright. But alas there it was the terrible news that numbed his brain and left him feeling helpless and more dazed. "Oh Willie lad!", moaned the old man as the train went quickly onward.

Never had such terrible news come to the man. All his life he had met every trial with courage and faith. Life had given him a few hard knocks but his faith told him that these were part of the cross he must carry. But now he was overwhelmed.

The letter said in part: "I have at last decided to get married and settle down; and I want to be open and above board with you father. The young lady is not a Catholic though I am sure you will like her. The Bishop of this Diocese is very strict about giving dispensations so I have decided to be married by the minister of the young lady. I feel that this will cause you pain, Father, but I know you will be less displeased with me for letting you know beforehand than to do it without telling you."

THIS WAS the news that had numbed the brain of the old man and left him dazed and sick and hurt. He had never imagined such a thing. He could not have believed such a thing could happen. It was a terrible blow; and in his great pain and misery he kept thinking of his son as a little boy again.

He tried to rest his head a little, but whenever his brain would seem to be calm there would well up over his spirit the thought of what his son contemplated doing, and again his mind would be filled with agony and woe.

Towards the dawn a young man came into the car, and sat down on the opposite side of the aisle, a few seats ahead of him. The young man seemed a little the worse of liquor. He had never known Bill to drink; and it would indeed have been a great

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blow to the old father to see his son under the influence of liquor; but now, he thought, if this were all that was to happen to Bill it would not be so terrible.

A little farther on two nuns entered the car and came down the aisle and took the seat opposite the one in which sat the intoxicated man.

For the first time since he received the letter from his son, old Martin's mind turned from his trouble. He wondered if the young man ahead would say anything offensive to the Sisters. Already the youth was intently regarding them, and his head was moving slowly up and down as if he were thinking. When the train stopped at the next station, for the first time he spoke.

"Daughters of Jesus, Daughters of Jesus," he said slowly to himself. And then in a clearer voice he continued, "I wish I was half as good as you, and could serve the Lord."

To the old man's surprise the Sister sitting on the outside of the seat looked over towards the man and said in a quiet gentle voice: "You can serve God if you really wish."

"Too late! too late! thou canst not enter now," replied the young man with rather an absurd attempt at seriousness.

"It is never too late," quietly said the Sister.

But the man shook his head and repeated in a lugubrious manner, "Too late! too late! thou canst not enter now."

Presently the train stopped; the man stood up, swaying a little as he did so. Then he took some money from his pocket, laid it on the book the Sister had just opened, saying as he moved off, "Do some good with that, and pray for me."

Martin, as he watched the man leave the train, said a prayer for him. Then his mind returned to the letter and forthwith a wave of woe swept over his spirit leaving him trembling and sick. "Oh Willie!", he repeated.

At daylight a little baby sleeping on a seat farther down the car, awoke and began to cry shrilly. The young mother tried to comfort it, but the little one still cried till the train stopped at the next station. Then the mother, she was not much more than a girl, standing up, began to sing softly while she gently cradled the infant in her arms to and fro, singing softly all the while. Often Bill's mother had sung him to sleep in this manner. He thanked God that the lad's mother did not yet know the terrible news he had written. Perhaps, after he had talked with Bill, the news he would break to mother would not be so terrible. He began to pray.

In a little while the Sisters prepared to leave the car. Quickly he took from his pocket a number

of bills and going down to the Sisters' seat he pressed them into the hand of the Sister who had spoken to the man. "Sister," said the old man, "give this in charity and pray for my son."

The sister with very kind understanding eyes looked at the very troubled eyes of the old man. "Yes," she said very kindly, "I will remember him at my Communion this morning and I will continue to pray for him."

As the old man walked back to his seat he did not feel so helpless and alone, though he still felt terribly stricken; just how much he could not realize, though presently a little incident happened that brought home to him the nature of his cross.

JUST AS the train was about to move out from a station, an old man and his wife, who was dressed in mourning, came slowly down the aisle and took a seat near him. The conductor followed them down the aisle and when he reached Martin's seat said to him softly: "They are taking home their son's remains. He died in the hospital here yesterday."

Martin felt a great sympathy for the old people, yet presently he was thinking that if his own son, after having made his peace with God, had died and he was now accompanying home all that was mortal of the lad, how peaceful would be his sorrow. To see his son quietly pass away would be a sweet thing compared with what Bill was about to do. The old father bowed his head in his hands. "Oh my God," he prayed, "what a bitter, bitter cross! Sweet Jesus give me strength."

The train drew into the station at Westville. The old man stood up; he felt very weak, and his head was somewhat dizzy, but he steadied himself by resting his hands on the arms of the seats as he walked down the aisle.

Bill, looking extremely well, was at the station to meet his father; and standing near him, watching the eager young man as he quickly scanned the people coming out of the car, was a young woman with a very pleasant face.

As Bill, seeing his father, started quickly forward, a kind sweet smile played about her eyes; but instantly it faded while an expression of deep concern took its place.

She saw the look of great pain in the eyes of the old father; she saw him trying to smile, but unsuccessfully, as he shook hands with his son; and she heard his voice crack with pain as he tried to speak. She was a trained nurse and she recognized in the old father symptoms of a terrible shock.

Bill's face went pale and his eyes seemed to lose all expression.

Then Mary was presented and warmly and firmly

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she gripped the cold white hand. In a flash she became mistress of the situation. She spoke quickly to Bill. "Come, bring your father into the dining room till he has a cup of tea. I imagine he has not had his breakfast."

The two men, father and son, followed her into the dining room and sat down.

Then, just as soon as they were seated, the old father looking at his son said in a weak trembling voice, "Oh Willie, lad, can't you be married by the priest?"

The son said nothing; he was too surprised to speak. He had never once thought that his father would be so hurt.

A sweet kind voice broke the silence, and very kind eyes looked into the stricken face of the old man. "Yes," said the voice, "he can be married by the priest. I will see that he does."

WHEN something happened to old Martin, and it was good for him that it did happen just then. His chin trembled for a little and then tears came to his eyes and flowed down his white wrinkled cheeks. "May—God—bless—you, my dear!" sobbed the old man.

To the professional nurse there came a wave of great relief; and in her woman's heart were mingled sentiments of joy and pity. She rejoiced that she could bring happiness to the old father, yet she perceived what great pain he must have suffered.

The waiter brought hot tea and toast, and a small slice of breakfast bacon, and laid the meal down before old Mr. Crane. Then Mary became the professional nurse and busied herself serving the meal.

After the meal, the old father was strongly advised by his nurse to take a nap. This he felt he could not do, his train would leave at two o'clock P. M. and he would sleep on the return journey, he felt that going home he would be able to sleep.

Mary continued to be in charge of the situation. She decided they would go for a drive. Bill was sent to call a taxi, while she stepped into the telephone booth to call up one whom she had known in the war. When she finished her little talk the taxi was at the door.

They went quickly out from the city, Mary doing most of the talking, Bill looking puzzled, while the old man looked very kindly on the two.

The taxi came into a little village on the outskirts of Westville, went slowly down Main street and stopped before a little white frame house that stood next to a medium-sized brick church.

All three were ushered into the house by a kind old woman and asked to sit in a little waiting room. Presently a door across the hall opened and a young

priest came out talking to an elderly gentleman who went out through the street door. Then Father Hall asked the three to come into his office.

Presently all three were seated in the priest's office and Mary was talking pleasantly of past experience in a large General Military hospital at Bouvigny, France. Old Mr. Crane, a very kind light in his eyes, listened interestedly.

Then when they had talked for a while, Mary very sweetly began to speak of the reason for her call on Father Hall.

"Father," she said, "I have often thought of becoming a Catholic, yet the thought never stayed very long with me. During my nursing experience I have seen many beautiful things that have caused me greatly to admire your religion, but I think I have always been too busy to think very deeply about them. This morning," here she glanced at old Mr. Crane who was looking at her, a strange light in his eyes, "I have suddenly decided that I must become a Catholic. This is not a passing whim, Father. I feel convinced that the Catholic Religion is true."

The old father gently bowing his head, covered his face with his cupped hands. "Oh my God," he prayed, "I thank Thee! I thank Thee!"

And Bill sat very still.

In a quiet serious voice the young priest said how glad he was to hear the news. Then he appointed an hour for her to come to begin instructions. She would come that very afternoon.

That evening towards sunset, old Mr. Crane woke with a start from quite a long sleep. There was a certain strange dread on him; but as full consciousness came to him gladly he realized that there was no reason for this dread. He looked through the window of the car which had stopped. A boy on horse-back was galloping down the lane, a small mail bag lying before him on the horse's back. The boy reminded the old man of his son. A pleasant smile flitted over the kind old face as he said softly to himself, "Bill!" Then after a pause, happy and contented, he added, "and Mary."

Calvary-Cana

BY HUGH F. BLUNT, LL. D.

Wine-red the blood flows from Thy hands, Thy feet,

Wine-red the blood from side and thorn-set brow;

The banquet Cross with food is now replete,

And Thou hast kept the best wine until now.

Categorica *As Set Forth in News and Opinions*

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

IN A METROPOLITAN DAILY

Many hearts must have been stirred by Vilda Sauvage Owens' poignant lines in *The New York Times* commemorating one of the most touching incidents (the appeal to Pilate by his wife) in the Passion of our Lord:

PILATE'S WIFE

Have patience with me, dear!
Despise not utterly my woman's counsel,
For I have suffered many things this day
Because of Him, this Man of Galilee.
The dream whereof my servant warned thee
Troubles me the whole day long.
There is no music in the morning.
And in my heart no song.
The busy shuttle, that ever was obedient to my
fingers,
Snarls at the angry thread. The web is snapped!
And then it seems a hand not mine
Straightens the tangled skein.
The pattern grows! Behold, my lord: my lord!
The warp and weft thereof! A cross!
Ah, seest thou not? The mockery of scarlet robe,
The shame of thorny crown!
And luminous as pearl against the velvet night of
cypress trees,
His face—His face, with pleading looks at me!

My lord, I know not why the vision stays,
Nor why my heart is heavy. This I know—
If He be false, there is no truth at all.

Scorn not too hastily the broodings of my heart.
In very truth I think a woman's fancy
Often is the bread on which man's wisdom feedeth
Verily, it seems that when the clay was mixed
That was to fashion us, some god—
A little laughing god, I'm sure, my dear—
In pity for its drabness, spilled therein
A drop of cunning alchemy, which did imbue the
whole—
A something 'twixt the reason and the heart,
Whereby we sense the dangers,
Too subtly hid from man's impatient wisdom.
Or, maybe, dear, that, greatly loving, we do
greatly fear—
*What if He be in very truth a king!
Begotten of the gods! Jehovah's son!*

My lord, I have not told thee all my dream.
I stood upon the terrace and beheld
As in a mirror all Jerusalem.
Beyond the Judgment Place,
Beyond the lovely waters of the Kedron,
Where in the gray-green shadows olives nod,
Upon a cloud of fire He stood!
(Your patience, husband; I am over-wrought!)
My dear, my dear, oh! can it be thou hearest
naught?

"Hosanna! Hosanna to the King!"
Look where the Roman Eagles flee,
The legions cower in dread!
"Hosanna! Hosanna to the Highest!"
All the world is tuned to ecstasy!
All the world, my lord, save only three—
One that had kissed Him in Gethesemane,
One who, for envy of His goodness, sware Him
false,
The other one—the other one—is thou!

RECENT JEWISH HISTORY

Under the caption, "Notes for a Modern History of the Jews," these quotations were assembled in the February 1925 issue of *The Menorah Journal*, perhaps the most scholarly periodical of the Jewish press:

"The number of feeble-minded among Jews is astounding."—*Dr. John A. Glassburg.* * * * "What can you expect when the young married folk of strictly orthodox parents rarely observe anything Jewish, boast of their pork-eating capacities and predilection, and set aside the Sabbath for the house-cleaning and weekly wash day, what can you expect?"—*Rabbi Harry A. Merfeld.* * * * The New York County Register shows that in a little more than a year 277 persons applied for leave to change their names and of these 195 were Jews. * * * Charles Wolf of Birmingham, Ala., has gone to Dr. Henry Shireson of Chicago to have his Jewish nose remodelled. "No one with a Jewish nose," he says, "can earn a living in Birmingham; no person looking Jewish has any chance of a position in the public institutions." * * * Captain Leon Schwarz of Mobile, Ala., has been appointed Sheriff of Mobile County by Governor Brandon. * * * Meyer Jacobstein of Rochester, N. Y., Democrat, has been overwhelmingly re-elected to the House of Representatives, running some 60,000 votes ahead of Davis and 40,000 votes ahead of Al Smith on his ticket. * * * Sol Levitan has been re-elected State Treasurer of Wisconsin by a majority of over 300,000. * * * "If Mr. Marshall wants to produce a virulent, thoroughly Jewish youth, then he has still to learn that such results can be expected from only an orthodox Jewish training as practised by our forefathers."—*Light of Israel.* * * * Louis (Kid) Kaplan of Meriden, Conn., by his defeat of Danny Kramer, won the featherweight championship of the world. * * * Abe Goldstein of New York City recently lost the bantamweight championship of the world to "Cannonball" Eddie Martin. * * * Benny Leonard of New York City recently resigned the lightweight championship of the world to please his mother. * * * Jewish people drink more milk than any other class, the Ohio Dairy Association has announced. * * * Of the 700 Jewish policemen in New York, 240 have joined a new organization, to be called the "Shomerim," which has

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for its object the promotion of religious spirit among its members. * * * Adolph S. Ochs has offered to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine two large Menorahs, which are to be placed in the Cathedral, and \$10,000. * * * Colonel Michael Friedsam recently gave Fordham University the famous "Parsifal" series of drawings by Edmond von Wornle, Austrian artist. The pictures are based on von Eschenbach's poem, "Parsifal," a German version of the quest of the Holy Grail. * * * "Hooray, burn down the synagogues," is the motif of a jazz song which has become popular in the streets of Berlin. The song originated in a music hall and is spreading as rapidly as "Yes, we have no bananas." * * * Jacob Weksler and Abraham Werzberger last Chanukah went to a fancy dress ball held at the town of Jamocz, near Lublin, Poland. One went as an Inquisitor, the other as the Devil. Both were arrested, charged with the offense of insulting the Catholic Church, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment each. * * * "The fact that Chanukah and Christmas are to be celebrated alongside each other with a feeling that both contribute to the well-being of humanity indicates a growing spirit, going forward and on."—*Jewish Theatrical News*. * * * "The Jewish Tribune of course does not believe that the Cross Word Puzzle can replace regular systematic instruction in Jewish subjects, but we do think it to be a valuable aid to such instruction and we have decided to publish a series of 'Jewish Cross Word Puzzles' for the diversion and instruction of our readers."—*Advertisement in The Jewish Tribune*. * * * "It has never been said of a Jewish Rabbi that when he raised his hands to bless his Congregation vermin sprang from beneath the sleeves of his jacket. That is recorded, however, of an English archbishop; and we mention it because it is indicative of the difference in traditional cleanliness—what we may term legal cleanliness—between the Jew and the non-Jew."—*London Jewish World*. * * * "Miss Harriet B. Lowenstein of New York, purchasing agent of the American Fund for Jewish War Sufferers, earned the distinction of being the world's greatest shopper by spending \$2,000,000 in three weeks' purchases in Europe. Her first purchase was 1,000,000 pounds of soap for the Jews of Poland."—*London Jewish World*. * * * "I have found Yiddish to be the most useful language which a man can know on his travels. It deserves to be the language of diplomacy."—*William Seagle*. * * * "I am opposed to Yiddish, which I do not regard as a language but as a by-product of tea and pickles."—*Rabbi Joel Blau*. * * * That Prince Mohammed Oli Ibrahim, nephew of the King of Egypt, and Miss Pearl Shepard, the former motion picture actress, were recently married, has been confirmed by the bride's mother, Mrs. Morris Ginsberg of New York City. Mr. Ginsberg, father of the princess, who is a furrier, seemed pleased over the match and said the prince was a very polished young man with the most excellent traits. * * * "If a Jew marries a member of another race, in two, or at any rate in three generations, all the children will look like Jews, all of them. Of course, that is a great potency, a very real potency."—*Charles W. Eliot*. * * * A Jewish child has been recently born in Poland with ten digits on each of its hands and feet.—*Jewish Daily Bulletin*. * * * "In the absence of an Ambassadorial Court in Palestine, America has an uncrowned Ambassador of the Jewish

people who has just returned from a brief trip to the Holy Land. He is our own Louis Lipsky. Not even Macchiavelli nor Disraeli ever possessed diplomatic tact and grace to a more consummate degree."—*Boston Jewish Advocate*. * * * Julius Kahn, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House of Representatives and author of the Draft Bill, has died. * * * David Neumark, Professor of Jewish Philosophy at Hebrew Union College, has died. * * * Gustav Karger, Washington's ablest political correspondent, has died. * * * Leon Bakst, famous Russian scenic artist and costume designer, has died.

INTEMPERANCE OF TEMPERANCE

Every intelligent man and woman, including Methodists, will indorse this indictment by the New York *Sun* of that know-it-all and regulate-it-all, The Methodist Episcopal Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals:

In its intemperance of language a recent pronouncement issuing from the Washington office of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals makes the casual reader wonder what the officials of that body understand the word "temperance" to mean. Surely the resources of that virtue cannot be exhausted by its application to the use of alcoholic beverages.

This remarkable statement is to the effect that "prostitutes, high society women and flappers with holes in their stockings who want to imitate the society dames" constitute the "smoking classes among American women." Such a statement is not true in the first place, is not charitable in the second place and is intemperate in any place. It is one of those generalizations in vivid phrase which shock the honest intelligence of all true friends of morality and public decency and make it extremely hard for them to retain a measure of patience with the extremists of reform.

Whether the practice of smoking is good or bad for women—or for men either—is debatable, but the charge that all women who smoke are either debased or idiotic is silly. It is worse than that; it is disgusting. And it will be hard to persuade the average fair minded man that the individuals who compose the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals really believe any such thing.

Yet no other inference is to be drawn from dispassionate examination of a phraseology which brackets women of "high society" with the most depraved of their sex and accuses the school miss or working girl of trying to imitate the one and, by a natural association of ideas, align herself with the other. Probably it means that the author of this declaration is not particularly acquainted with women of any of the three classes he mentions. But cigarettes or no cigarettes, smoking or no smoking, bringing these recklessly assembled classifications into juxtaposition so that their moral identity is to be implied is an offense not to be condoned by zeal for a cause, however worthy that cause may be.

As propaganda this sort of thing is bad. It stirs resentment and is calculated to lead curious investigators to search for the truth of the allegations made and implied. If they do they are certain to find that a good many business women smoke, working women, housewives, professional women, nurses, teachers, liter-

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ary workers, musicians, artists. The cigarette is not to be defended on that ground, but there is no person more ready to seize upon the motto "Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus," than the one who is trying to defend a pet weakness.

To swing out in good, strong language is a fine old Methodist virtue, but there is another even finer, shared by Methodists and non-Methodists, and that is a scrupulous regard for truth and the Commandment which admonishes us not to bear false witness against our neighbor.

THE MEXICAN TRAGEDY

Mr. Sidney Sutherland, the son of a Methodist missionary, has written a letter to *Liberty* in which he gives a close-up of the great religious War. The letter is entitled "The Machete versus the Cross."

Today I went to church. . . I sought out an obscure little temple in the poorer quarters—pitiful slums, where dwell a vast percentage of the humble, hopeless, hungry miserable peons who so far outnumber the selfish, cruel, rapacious native "aristocracy," which stalks grimly about on recently sandaled feet and flaunts an artificial civilization borrowed from every other nation. . . No matter how small these Mexican churches seem from the outside, once you enter, a feeling of vast space is experienced. This one was no exception. . . I stood a moment waiting for my eyes to readjust themselves from the glaring sunlight outside to the shadows of the nave. . . Of the 200 persons present, all but thirty were women—old women; middle-aged; young girls; and barefooted infants, sucking fragments of fly-specked candy. The confessionals were empty, the drapes drawn back. The perforated tins through which the priests were wont to hear the whispers of the penitents kneeling outside, where now rusty and blackened by the disuse which followed President Calles' declaration of war on sacerdotal offices.

Except for a tall, mahogany clock ticking slowly in the stillness, and the electric chandeliers, now unlighted, which hung on immensely long, slender wires from the distant ceiling, there was nothing modern in this church; nothing that could not have been placed there three centuries ago.

But one thing *was* missing. One vital thing. There was no guardian for this unhappy flock. The towering, ornately gilded altar was empty.

I made my way quietly through the dancing motes of tinted sunlight to the front pew and sat down to study the effect of Mexico's overt break with that Church to which so many of her inhabitants vow deathless allegiance. . . In the exact center of the altar, stood a transparent glass receptacle filled with oil, bearing on its still bosom a tiny lighted taper. It and its predecessors had floated there, unextinguished, God knows for how many generations!

The central figure above the terraced shelves was a marble sculpture of the agonized Christ, stumbling to His knees beneath the weight of an ebony cross. Ruby drops fell from the sculptured thorns entwined about His brow. On an arch far above this sad figure were the words, "Parce, Domine, Parce Populo Tuo."

Everything seemed empty, forlorn, profane. Behind me, the elevated pulpit was empty. The great altar was empty. The confessionals were empty. Most of

the pews were empty. The hearts of the little flock were empty. They were empty and misery-laden and destitute of hope.

The poor old men, the little clerks with their hair sleeked back, the urchins and the grand-mothers and matrons and girls, kneeling hither and yon, all were groping and perplexed and disconsolate. Their priest was in hiding.

At my right hand came distinctly the murmurs of several intelligent-looking women reading from a type-written paper, of a size they might hastily conceal in the folds of their mantillas. I leaned toward them to hear what the heart of priest-robbed Mexico had to say about the robbers.

They were reading, half aloud, what seemed to be a special prayer for Mexico. One would recite a few lines, and her companions, glancing apprehensively about, as if they feared the heavy-browed, saturnine eyes of President Calles might be staring at them, answered with other lines from their slips of paper.

"O Dios mio," quoth the moving lips of her who led the prayer; "O my God, have Thou mercy on Mexico in her day of labor and of sorrow."

"Mercy, dear Lord, mercy; infinite mercy and pity without bounds," came the response.

"Thou knowest, Jesu Cristo that it is against the wishes of Thy children that Thy holy Church should be tormented, her sanctity betrayed, and her innocence violated."

"Yes, beloved Father, all that we could do, that have we done. Yet, if it be not sufficient, if we have been remiss in aught, deal Thou leniently with us and manifest to Thy eager servants how better we may serve."

"And Thou, blessed Mother of Christ, soften the hearts that are hard; make more tender those who oppress us and through us deny Thee; teach those who rule us in temporal unkindness that love is a rod we fain would kiss."

"But if it be Thy blessed will, precious Virgin of our hearts, that we should suffer still longer, then instruct us that we may endure without complaint and without faltering."

There was a fluttering sound as the women turned the pages of their printed intercession for fortitude and relief.

"Forgive Mexico," the leader's lips quivered. "Forgive the land which has loved the Lamb of God, lo, these many centuries."

"The little bruised Lamb, dear God," the others sobbed; "the little Lamb now wretched in the land that in silence still worships and adores."

My eyes were wet; I could stand no more such poignant grief. As I walked slowly past the outer ends of the pews, beyond the soaring pillars, old men and women lifted their hands aloft and gazed dumbly at the empty altar. The shaft of sunlight had moved, and in its rainbow heart an ancient woman knelt weeping.

* * * * *

Calles is shrewd. He is not molesting the American or other foreign Protestants, which of course keeps other nations from interfering. But heed this prophecy. If he wins this fight against Rome, he will turn ruthlessly on the other creeds and rend them. He will then need only to quote what the Protestant leaders are now saying—that he was right and justified in his war on the Catholics.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

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QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

ANIMAL RIGHTS

To—L. S., New York City.

You inclosed a leaflet in your letter purporting to give the decisions of the Holy Office regarding the rights of animals. I have grave doubts as to the genuineness of these decisions. In the first place no date or reference is given. In the second place, the first response, viz., "that animals have rights of some kind against their masters or owners," taken in the literal sense of the words, is contrary to the unanimous doctrine of Catholic philosophers and theologians. These latter teach that animals have no rights, because they lack personality, which is the necessary and essential foundation of rights. Man commits no injury towards an animal, no matter how he treats it, because there are no duties on man towards the brute creation. There is no relation of justice between them. This does not mean that man cannot do wrong in treating with animals. When he abuses animals, inflicts pain on them without a reasonable motive, he offends God, not the animal, for the simple reason that man should always act in a reasonable way. Reason has been given him for that very purpose. If he acts unreasonably he commits evil against himself, and God the author of his being and the order of nature.

Vivisection may be defended or opposed by scientists in regard to its advisability in research work, but its theological aspect is certainly clear. No matter whether this practise is conducted with due moderation or not, no injury (in a formal sense) is inflicted on animals. They have no rights. There is no relation of justice between them and man. The Author of Nature has given the dominion of animals to man: "fill the earth and subdue it, and rule over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and all living creatures that move upon the earth," Gen. 1/28. One having dominion over anything can use, abuse or destroy, provided he can give a reasonable motive for so doing.

If a certain Governor refused to go fox hunting, it does not follow that foxes have rights. It only proves that men are masters of their own conduct, and also that some individuals are more sensitive towards animals than others. But in questions of this nature it is necessary to distinguish clearly between sentiment and reason.

There is not a single instance of a Papal condemnation of vivisection.

Pope Pius V. condemned bull-fighting as a form of amusement on November, 1567. This prohibition was modified by Gregory XIII, August, 23, 1575. Clement VIII, January 12, 1597, further limited the prohibition to holidays and the clergy.

JUBILEE CONFESSION AND COMMUNION

Ought the sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist be received before making the prescribed visits, or afterward?—N. B., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

They may be received before, during, or after the prescribed visits have been made. Perhaps the best time would be after making the visits.

LENGTH OF COURSE

How many years must a young man spend in study to become a Passionist Missionary?—J. C. W., Lowell, Mass.

About 12 years.

BIBLE AND ROSARY

(1) *Is it permitted to Catholics to read the Bible?*
(2) *Is the Protestant Bible the same as the Catholic Bible?* (3) *Please give me a short explanation of the Rosary, what it represents, why it is said, and when it was instituted.*—J. D., Goshen, N. Y.

(1) It is not only permitted to Catholics to read the Bible, but they are strongly urged to do so. Many Popes have granted indulgences to those who would read the Word of God, notably Leo XIII., who conceded an indulgence of 300 days for fifteen minutes reading, and a plenary indulgence once a month if continued daily. The Church strongly urges the faithful to read the Word of God, which is contained in the Catholic version. That only is the pure Bible. The Protestant Bible is incomplete and corrupt. Seven entire books, and portions of two others, are omitted from the Old Testament. In many important matters it is contrary to the sense of the original documents.

Such bibles the Catholic Church most severely forbids the Catholic to read. Not because, as so many calumniators would have us believe, she wishes to keep the people in ignorance, but rather because She is exceedingly solicitous that her subjects have the true Word of God, just as every honest government is anxious that the water which is used by the citizens is pure. Pure faith is vastly more important than good health. (2) Emphatically no, for the reasons given. (3) The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin is a form of prayer consisting of 15 decades of beads, 150 in all, conformable to the number of Psalms. The ordinary Rosary is made up of only 5 decades, or one third the entire rosary. On the large beads the Our Father is said; on the smaller ones, the Hail Mary. At the end of each decade the doxology is said; "Glory be to the Father, etc." While reciting the rosary the

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mysteries of the life of Christ and the Blessed Virgin are recalled to mind. There are 15 of these mysteries; 5 glorious, 5 joyful, and 5 sorrowful. Catholic prayer books give these mysteries in detail. They cover the whole drama of redemption.

The rosary as we know it has been propagated largely by the disciples of St. Dominic. When he was preaching against the heresy of the Albigenses in southern France in the year 1208, he turned to the Blessed Virgin to aid him in his unsuccessful labors. She revealed to him the rosary, as just explained, and promised that if he taught the people to recite it he would convert the heretics who had been deaf to his preaching. Her prediction was verified. In a short time he accomplished by means of this prayer what he was unable to obtain by controversy. From that time the rosary became a favorite form of devotion to the Mother of God, principally because she herself had taught it. It is a kind of prayer suited to both the unlettered and the educated. It is easy to pray when one repeats the prayer Christ taught His disciples to say,—the Our Father; and the salutation made by the Archangel Gabriel to the Blessed Virgin,—the Hail Mary, the while the life of Christ and His Mother are quietly meditated on.

By means of this prayer Mary has obtained many extraordinary favors for Christians, notably the victory of Christian arms over the Turk at the Battle of Lepanto, on the 7th of October, 1571. Since its introduction every Catholic worthy the name is faithful to this practise. Its recitation is a confession of the Roman Catholic Faith, a repeated adoration of the Most Blessed Trinity, and an authorized veneration of the Virgin Mother of God, whom the Holy Ghost pronounced "blessed among women."

VOCATIONAL READING

Kindly recommend a book suitable for those youths who are undecided concerning their vocation.—B. M. R., Chicago, Ill.

"What Shall I Be," by Father Cassilly, S. J., America Press, 4847 Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Price ten cents.

THE WANDERING JEW

Will you please publish an account of the Wandering Jew. Is this story a reality or is it merely a fable?—B. J. D., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The story of the Wandering Jew is of great antiquity and has gone through many and various interpretations. It is said by some that the Jewish race is personified in the character of Ahasuerus, (sometimes called Cartaphilus) the Wandering Jew. The Jewish people demanded the death of the Son of God. In punishment of their blindness and obstinacy they have been condemned to wander over the face of the earth, a scattered and homeless people, the while they maintain their Jewish characteristics. According to the story Ahasuerus was present at the trial of Christ and joined the mob in demanding His death. After the Savior's condemnation, Ahasuerus hurried to his home, which was on the road to Calvary. With one of his children in his arms he stood at his door to watch Jesus pass by. When the Savior stopped to lean against his house for a little rest, Ahasuerus pushed Him away. Jesus looked upon him and said: "I shall stop and rest, but

thou shalt go on forever." The shoemaker (for such he was according to the story) felt himself compelled by some irresistible force to leave his house and follow Christ to Calvary. After the crucifixion he wandered in strange countries. Every hundred years he is seized by a peculiar sickness, enters into a trance, and awakes as young as he was at the death of Christ. Thus he will go on until the end of the world. Ahasuerus is supposed to be driven about by the elements. His appearance in any place is known by tempests and hurricanes. Hence, the expression; "It is the Wandering Jew passing." The story is only a fable.

MARRYING WITHIN THE FAMILY

Did the children of Adam and Eve marry in the same family? If not, where did the other people come from?—C. F. D. LYNN, MASS.

The children of Adam and Eve married in the same family. Cain's wife was his own sister. God allowed such marriages in the beginning of the world, as mankind could not otherwise be propagated. This peculiar condition was necessary at first. Scripture tells us that all men come from Adam; "(God) hath made of one (Adam) all mankind, to dwell upon the face of the earth." (Acts: 17/26). Even Darwin reluctantly admitted the solidarity of the human race, that is, the descent of all mankind from one original pair. Hence, reason tells us that as there were no other men and women in the beginning but those of the same family, it was necessary to resort to intermarriage in order to perpetuate the race.

BOOTLEG SINS

Please state what kind of sin a Catholic commits (if any) who makes bootleg booze to sell. By bootleg booze I mean moonshine, alki- splits, synthetic gin, etc.—N. N. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Such an action would be disobedience to the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the U. S., which forbids the manufacture, sale, transportation, etc., of intoxicating liquors. It would render the seller liable to punishment if made or sold within the confines of the United States. If, moreover, the brew was sold as good liquor, whereas it was very harmful, the act of selling would constitute an act of injustice against the seventh Commandment, because the buyer is not getting a *quid pro quo*. Also, an act of injustice against the fifth Commandment, in so far as the seller knowingly co-operates in causing serious harm to another. This holds for others beside Catholics. They are not the only subjects of the moral law.

CONFLICTING OBLIGATIONS

Is a person obliged to contribute money for the support of his parish church, when he is struggling to pay his debts? What about the numerous appeals for help from missionaries, etc.?—R. E. G., BOSTON, MASS.

In justice and charity, as in everything else, there must be right order. In a conflict of duties and obligations the higher and stronger prevail. There is no obligation more weighty than justice arising from contract. Justice demands a *quid pro quo*. Pay your debts first. Then, support your parish church and school, and contribute to the decent support of the clergy attached to it. Next, worthy charities within the parish or diocese. Lastly, worthy causes outside the

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parish or diocese. The observance of right order in the contribution of money is usually suggested by the expression, so familiar to the ears of the faithful, "according to your means and ability." "The Father Who seeth in secret," and Who "loveth a cheerful giver" will arrange affairs in such a manner that even your just debts will be paid the sooner because of the voluntary retrenchment you exercise in regard to your own pleasures, and the sacrifice you practise by giving to worthy causes. The only contribution which Christ is recorded as having praised was the widow's mite. "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

WORRIES AFTER CONFESSION

If a sin was told in confession and the person worried afterward whether or not he made it clear enough, has he reason to worry over his confession?—H. H. KINGSTON, N. Y.

Simply mention the cause of your anxiety to the priest the next time you go to confession.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

(1) Please tell me the distinction between the sin of pride and the sin of vanity. (2) What is meant by saying to pray for the intention of the Holy Father, not including the jubilee intention? (3) What conditions are necessary to fulfill in order to gain a plenary indulgence?—C. J. A., CHICAGO, ILL.

(1) Pride is a generic sin. It is called the mother of vice because it has quite an ugly brood of daughters. Pride is an inordinate love of one's own excellence. It ascribes to ones-self the honor which belongs to God. It is a kind of spiritual robbery. You have a classic example of this sin, and the opposite virtue—humility, in the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. Vanity is pride in action. It is the fruit of pride. Its most common form, perhaps, is excessive adornment of face and figure. Vanity is immoderate display; in other words, "showing off." (2) I don't know; it's very peculiar. In praying for the Popes intention it is not essential to know what these are. Merely offer your prayers for his intention. That will suffice. (3) The conditions usually required for gaining a plenary indulgence are confession, communion, and prayers for the intentions of the Pope. Each plenary indulgence may have special conditions, each one of which must be complied with; v. g., visitation of a church.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY

Protestant friends have said that because of the part played by the Church in the Inquisition, as authorized by the Popes, our contention regarding papal infallibility is made nil. They argue that a church which has blundered once will blunder again. I am unable to present the Catholic position convincingly.—F. W., NEW YORK.

The charge made by your Protestant friends, viz., that the part played by the Popes in the Inquisition is an argument against papal infallibility, is so sweeping, so indefinite, that it can only be refuted by a sweeping and general denial. The objection rests on hazy notions of history gathered from unreliable sources, together with an erroneous idea of what papal infallibility means.

There were many Inquisitions, some instituted by the civil authorities, such as the Spanish Inquisition

under Ferdinand and Isabella in 1480; others were formed by the Popes, such as the Papal Inquisition at Rome, a permanent body for the trial of crimes against the Faith. Most likely, what your friends had in mind was the Spanish Inquisition, a favorite topic for Protestants when looking for some ground for argument against the Church or Pope.

There were abuses in the Spanish Inquisition, no doubt. But it is clear from history that several Popes, notably Sixtus IV. (1471-84), Leo X. (1511-21), Paul III. (1534-39), and Paul V. (1605-21), raised their voices in condemnation of the cruelties attending this civil tribunal. It may be of interest to know, however, that the abuses attributed to the Spanish Inquisition were surpassed by the English Court of High Commission against Catholics after the so-called Reformation; (Hume, History of England Ch. XII).

Your method of reply was the proper one. You ought not be surprised when correct answers do not convince. People are constituted that way.

This question can be simplified by a statement of the Catholic teaching of papal infallibility. As defined by the Council of the Vatican it is simply this: "We teach and define that it is dogma divinely revealed, that the Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra*, that is, when in discharge of the office of Pastor and Teacher of all Christians, by virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, he defines a doctrine regarding *Faith* and *Morals* to be held by the Universal Church, is, by the divine assistance promised to him in Blessed Peter, possessed of that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer willed that His Church should be endowed in defining doctrine regarding *Faith* and *Morals*." Consequently, this very definite teaching does *not* mean that everything the Pope does is the wisest and most judicious; it does *not* mean that his opinions as a private individual are necessarily free from error; it does *not* mean that in his office of ecclesiastical legislator and judge in matters of a disciplinary nature he may not be mistaken; but it *does* mean this, and *only* this: when he teaches the faithful in his capacity of head and shepherd of all Christians, that is, *ex cathedra*, in matters concerning *Faith* and *Morals*, to be held by them under pain of sin, he is divinely protected from error by the special promise of Christ.

CAN OR SHOULD?

Can a Catholic girl marry a Protestant Mason?—H. M., TAUNTON, MASS.

It is possible, but the Church most severely forbids the marriage of Catholics with Protestants, and with greater reason when they are Masons. Grave reasons are required in order to obtain a dispensation. Consult your pastor.

OPENING OTHERS' LETTERS

Is it wrong to open others' letters when a person has a good reason to do so?—K. L., CHATANOOGA, TENN.

As a general rule it is unlawful to open and to read others' letters. It is a violation of the secrecy to which those who write the letters, and those to whom they have been sent, have a legitimate claim. There are times, however, when they may be opened and read. For example, parents may open and read the letters of their children when they think it necessary. Superiors

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may do the same under like conditions. Also those who have grave and just reason to suspect that the letter contains something very injurious to themselves. Even in these cases great circumspection must be used.

COLUMBAN FATHERS

Kindly enlighten me as to the history of the Columban Fathers who conduct the magazine "The Far East." Is their work approved of by the Holy See?—N. M. JERSEY CITY, N. J.

The Columban Fathers are a society of secular priests engaged in foreign mission work, especially in China. Their principle house is located at St. Columbans, Nebraska. They are doing magnificent work in their field of labor. They have the approval of the Church.

SAINT RITA DEVOTIONS

Where may I obtain information regarding the devotions to St. Rita, especially in the line of pamphlets, leaflets, etc?—C. P. CHICAGO, ILL.

Any Augustinian Monastery will be able to furnish you with this information. You may obtain literature on this devotion from the Pastor of St. Nicholas of Tolentine Church, Andrews Avenue and Fordham Road, The Bronx, New York City; or The Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Mo.

LIKE THE BAD CENT

Can a Catholic man who married a non-Catholic before a minister, and who later divorced his wife, marry a Catholic girl?—C. M., HARTFORD, CT.

Marriage between two Catholics, or between a Catholic and a non-Catholic, before a minister or justice of the peace, is invalid since 1908. Therefore, both parties to such a marriage are free before the Catholic Church to marry. It will be necessary to obtain a civil divorce in such a case, in order to avoid civil prosecution.

COMMUNICATIONS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The July issue of THE SIGN, page 503 has an item "Vagrant Spirits" which is highly opportune. Not all Catholics are sufficiently instructed on this point, even some religious are prone to credulity and have a desire for apparitions. Pius XI warned the world against that danger.

There are other things on which Catholics need enlightenment, since they at times are tempted to consult fortune tellers, Christian scientists, Spiritists, and Divine Healers. At the present time a divine healer is in this place and the crowd is there. Perhaps some Catholics are there also.

Is there any country in which so much inclination towards superstition is found as in our own? History tells us that such things occur, mostly in countries which are godless and creedless. THE SIGN and the Catholic press in general will do well by instructing our readers on the dangers of such superstitious practices.—(Rev.) R. V. DENTON, TEXAS.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your answer to the question regarding the Swedish high mass in the September SIGN-Post prompts me to write this letter.

In New York City there is a church called St. Mary the Virgin. Every Sunday several "masses" are said or chanted. I think on week days, also. You would think you were in a regular Catholic Church. There is the altar and tabernacle, and a lamp always burning before it. Instinctively you genuflect. Everything is so like our own, Confessionals with the names of the confessor, (and such names as Delaney, Barry, etc.), stations of the cross, side altars and chapels,—everything. Everything but the one great thing which makes our churches the "house of God and gate of heaven,"—the real presence of Jesus in the Eucharist.

Conditions of this nature are calculated to do a great deal of harm, especially if such churches are in vicinities where the people are not so well instructed. Also these "Catholic" services only retard, I feel sure, many who are earnestly looking for the fullness of the Faith in the one, true Church of Christ. Truly there is, as you say, as much difference between the Catholic Church and these imitations, as there is between a real dollar and a counterfeit. And just as deceiving too.—L. M. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THANKSGIVINGS

I am very grateful for a very great favor which I obtained through the intercession of St. Jude.—A. R. M.—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I made a novena to St. Jude and received a great favor. Please publish this to encourage others to invoke his aid.—N. N. CAMDEN, N. J.

Please publish my thanks for a request which was granted, and for many other favors and blessings received through the Chaplets of Mercy, and the intercession of the Mother of God.—W. F. D. EDGEWOOD, PA.

For over six years I have not seen or heard anything of my son. I asked St. Jude to find out for me (God willing) whether he was living or dead. About a month later I unexpectedly received the surprising information that he was seen in Seattle, Wash., last December. I tried for about a month to get in touch with him, but without success. I realize now that I was expecting two favors from St. Jude, when I only asked for one. I am now going to make another novena that the good saint will get me in communication with my son.—N. N., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Inclosed find five dollars to be sent to some needy foreign missionary in honor of the Blessed Virgin in thanksgiving for a favor received.—K. S. BOSTON, MASS.

I am sending one dollar in thanksgiving for a favor which St. Jude obtained for me.—A. W. NORWOOD, O.

Please publish this favor in honor of St. Jude—a good confession and peace of mind.—E. R. NORWOOD, O.

I made a novena to St. Jude, promising publication if my request was granted. The favor granted on the last day of the novena.—N. N., UNION CITY, N. J.

Kindly publish my grateful thanks to St. Jude for a number of favors received during a novena of nine Sundays. I feel confident that anyone making the novena above mentioned and receiving Holy Communion each Sunday will surely obtain their requests through powerful St. Jude. Kindly let me have a number of copies of the prayer to St. Jude.—A. M. D. EAST ORANGE, N. J.

The Papacy: Historical and Doctrinal Notes on the Roman Pontiffs*

THE PAPACY is always an interesting subject, for the Pope has been the dominating figure of history during the past two thousand years. An added interest is given to it at the present time due to the efforts being made by Premier Benito Mussolini to arrive at a satisfactory settlement of the "Roman Question." In his first speech in the Italian Chamber of Deputies in June 1921, he stated: "There is one problem that rises above all these contingent problems. . . . It is the historic problem of the relations between Italy and the Vatican. . . . I affirm that the Latin and imperial tradition of Rome is today represented by Catholicism. . . . If, as Mommsen said twenty-five or thirty years ago, one cannot remain in Rome without a universal idea, I believe and declare that the only universal idea that exists in Rome today is that which radiates from the Vatican."

What result, if any, will eventuate from the efforts of *Il Duce* to solve the Roman Question remains to be seen and will be looked forward to expectantly. At present a Government commission is revising the "Law of Guarantees," passed in 1871 to protect the person of the Holy Father and accord him the enjoyment of certain rights.

The following sketchy notes will furnish the reader with some useful information about the Pope and the Papacy.

PAPAL TITLES. There are two classes of Papal titles in more or less common use:

(1) **TITLES OF PREEMINENCE.** As successor of St. Peter, the Pope is *Bishop of Rome*, a territory comprising, with the Eternal City and its surroundings, a circuit of about forty miles. He is *Metropolitan of the Roman Province*. A Metropolitan is an archbishop at the head of a district, called a province, in which there are bishops known as suffragans. He is *Primate of Italy*, including Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily and Malta. He is *Patriarch of the West* as distinguished from the patriarchs of the East. His most important title is *Bishop of Rome*, for, while he may live elsewhere, he ceases to be the Head of the Church when he ceases to be Bishop of Rome.

(2) **TITLES OF HONOR.** *Pope* is derived from the Latin word *Papa* and means Father. In the Eastern Church this name was commonly given to bishops and priests in the same way that Catholic priests in English-speaking countries are today called Father. Siricius (384-399) is the first Pontiff

BY NICHOLAS M. LAWLER

to have made distinctive use of the title "Pope." From

his time it was the growing custom to apply it only to the Bishop of Rome. About 1080 Gregory VII sanctioned this custom by a special decree. *Vicarius Dei*, *Vicarius Christi*, *Vicarius Petri* (*Vicar of God*, *of Christ*, *of Peter*) are other titles of almost immemorial usage. A vicar is one who takes the place of and acts in the name of another, with power from the same. *Supreme Pontiff* was applied to the Bishop of Rome exclusively from the eleventh century. *Servant of the Servants of God* was first used by Gregory the Great (590-604) in order to confound the arrogance of John, Bishop of Constantinople, who had assumed the title of "Universal Bishop." Since Gregory's time every Pope has officially called himself *Servant of the Servants of God*.

FORMS OF ADDRESS. In letters the Pope is addressed as "Most Holy Father:" in conversation, "Your Holiness." "Your Beatitude" is sometimes used but very rarely.

THE PAPAL ENTOURAGE is made up of the Household and the Curia. The Household consists of both active and honorary officials. The former live in the Vatican, while the latter live in Rome and elsewhere (domestic prelates, privy-chamberlains, assistants-at-the-pontifical-throne, etc.)

Chief among the active officials is the *Cardinal Secretary of State* who controls the diplomatic relations of the Holy See with other governments; the *Pro-Datarius* who prepares all public applications for pardons and dispensations, dates the same (hence the name) and forwards them; the *Secretary of Briefs* who draws up the papal rescripts; the *Chief Steward of the Palace*; the *Councilor of Laws*; the *Theological Councilor*; the *Maestro di camera* who arranges audiences; the *Master of Ceremonies*; eight *Privy Chamberlains*; the *Palatine, Noble and Swiss Guards*. The Noble Guards and the Guards of the Palace are recruited from the members of the Roman nobility. From 1801 they have served as the Pope's personal body-guard. The Swiss Guards, numbering 120, were founded by Julius II in 1505 by a treaty with Zurich and Luzerne.

The Curia consists of the officials of the Courts

**The Book of the Popes* by Dr. F. J. Bayer. Translated from the German by E. M. Lamond. Harper & Brothers, New York. Price: \$4.00. May be ordered through THE SIGN,

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of Law, the Courts of Grace, the Apostolic Chancellery, and various Secretariates. As a rule each of these bodies has a Cardinal for its head.

CATALOGUE OF THE POPES. The Catalogue of the Popes, like the majority of ancient catalogues of similar category, is necessarily confined to a statement of the reign of each pontiff and a resumé of those events of outstanding importance characterising each pontificate. In the first centuries these records are distinctly vague and distinguished by a paucity of material, but as they approach more closely to our own times, they become more sharply defined and comprehensive.

In the enumeration of the chain of successors of St. Peter there are certain differences apparent in the various lists. A few cases exist also where there is a difference of opinion as to whether particular occupants of the papal chair should be recognized as genuine popes or merely held to be unlawful usurpers, and hence in accordance with the views held on the subject by the compiler of the list, such popes or anti-popes, as the case may be, will be included or excluded.

THE PORTRAITS OF THE POPES accompanying this article are reproduced from a series of semi-official pictures of the Pontiffs which existed in the Roman Basilica of St. Paul outside the Walls. Father Herbert Thurston, S. J., remarks apropos of these engravings: "Even the papal vignettes, which, as the veriest tyro in archaeological research will not need to be told, are purely fanciful down to the fifteenth century, have some sort of authority or excuse in the series of similar portraits which decorated the nave of the basilica of San Paolo fuori le Mura. These, which, no doubt, never had any value as likenesses, were nearly all destroyed in the great conflagration of 1828, but in some sort of way they witnessed to a tradition and are rudely perpetuated in the engravings of the numerous "Pope-Books" which the publishers of the sixteenth century produced in emulation of the works of Platina and Panvinio."

THE ECCLESIASTICAL POSITION OF THE POPE. The Roman Pontiff is Supreme Head of the Church because he is the Bishop of Rome. Hence only the Bishops of Rome succeed to the Primacy of St. Peter. That St. Peter was Bishop of Rome has been denied by heretics; in fact, they deny that he ever was in Rome. But it is the almost unanimous opinion of historians that St. Peter lived and died in Rome, the only matter of dispute being the length of his residence and the date of his death.

In virtue of his succession to St. Peter's office the Pope has what is called the Primacy of Jurisdiction. It comprises the right to make laws for the whole

Church; to grant dispensations and privileges; the control of ecclesiastical appointments; the regulation of divine worship; the right of commanding obedience in matters of Faith and Morals from all bishops, priests and lay persons; the right to represent and speak for the Church before the whole world as the Vicar of Christ.

The Pope has the right to legislate for the universal Church with or without the aid of a General Council. If he legislates with its aid, he has the right to convoke it; to preside at it and to direct its deliberations and sanction its enactments. Further, he has the right to interpret, to alter and to abrogate his own laws and those of his predecessors.

THE ELECTION OF THE POPE. Any adult male Catholic, cleric or layman, can become Pope. The headship of the Church goes with the Roman Bishopric. The Pope is the head of the Church because he is the Bishop of Rome; he does not become Bishop of Rome because he has been chosen head of the Church. Thus an election to the Papacy is primarily an election to a local bishopric. The right to elect the Bishop of Rome belongs to the Roman clergy and not to the Church at large. At the present time this election is confined to the leading members of the Roman clergy who are the Cardinals. It must be remembered that when a man is made Cardinal he is at once affiliated with the Roman clergy and is made the titular head of a church in Rome.

The Pope cannot name his successor, but he can legislate for the manner in which a subsequent election shall be carried out and place the conditions requisite for a definite choice for the Papacy.

THE PRIMACY OF THE POPE. The Catholic doctrine of the primacy of the Pope is concisely defined in the Decree of Union of the Council of Florence (1439) and in the constitution of the Vatican Council (1870) which definitely states as follows: "We hereby teach and declare that by virtue of the Lord's appointment the Roman Church holds the primacy over all others and that this true episcopal jurisdiction of the Pope of Rome is immediate, to which the bishops and faithful of every rite and dignity, individually and collectively, owe hierarchical submission and are bound in true allegiance, not only in matters pertaining to faith and morals, but also in what concerns the discipline and government of the Church scattered over the whole world, so that by the preservation of unity, and by communion in the same confession of faith with the Pope of Rome, the Church of Christ may be One Flock under One Supreme Shepherd."

Jesus Christ announced St. Peter's precedence among the Apostles, after Peter had confessed His

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divinity. From the Acts of the Apostles it is clear that the position of St. Peter fully corresponds to the commission given him—he is the undisputed head of the Church. And as the Church was instituted as a perpetual society, the office of St. Peter was not a transitory one but one to be exercised in perpetuity by his legitimate successors.

INFALLIBILITY OF THE CHURCH. It is a dogma of the Catholic Faith that the Church cannot err in her definitions on Faith and Morals. This doctrine was formulated by the Vatican Council, but it had been explicitly taught long before and had been assumed from the very beginning without question. The Vatican Council teaches that “the doctrine of faith, which God has revealed, has not been proposed as a philosophical discovery to be improved upon by human talent, but has been committed as a Divine deposit to the spouse of Christ, to be faithfully guarded and infallibly interpreted by her.”

Were the doctrines of Christianity merely a matter of guess-work, it would make little difference if there were or were not an authorized teacher of them. But once granted that these truths are divinely revealed and it immediately becomes evident that they must be transmitted by an infallible authority. It is clear from Christ's teaching that we must believe truth as well as practise virtue if we are to be saved. And belief in an infallible Church is much more reasonable than belief in an infallible book (the Bible), especially when the believer claims the right to interpret the book as he sees fit. Without an authoritative voice in religion and lacking a centre of religious unity, Protestantism has logically and necessarily become a religion of division and multiplication. Hence the many Protestant sects—cut-offs and shoots.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY. The Vatican Council has defined as “a divinely revealed dogma” that “the Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra*—that is, when in the exercise of his office as pastor and teacher of all Christians he defines, by virtue of his supreme Apostolic authority, a doctrine of faith or morals to be held by the whole Church—is, by reason of the Divine assistance promised to him in blessed Peter, possessed of that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer wished His Church to be endowed in defining doctrines of faith and morals; and consequently that such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are irreformable of their own nature and not by reason of the Church's consent.”

It should be noted: (1) that the infallibility claimed for the Pope is the same in nature and extent as that claimed for the Church: (2) that the Pope in defining doctrine does not proclaim a new revelation but simply formulates in decrees or

dogmas what has been already revealed; (3) that the Pope's infallibility pertains to matters of faith and morality and not to other matters; (4) that infallibility in the Pope does not depend on his own personal holiness and that it does not imply impeccability, which is incapability of committing sin or doing wrong. Hence, it is entirely beside the point for opponents of the Church to stress the moral or intellectual shortcomings of any Popes.

THE TEMPORAL POWER. For over a thousand years (754-1870) the Roman Pontiff was the recognized and accredited temporal ruler of definite civil territory. “The Patrimony of St. Peter” originally designated the landed possessions and various revenues belonging to the Church of St. Peter in Rome. This Patrimony later developed into the States of the Church. The history of these States may be divided into five periods:

1. The Period of the Carolingian Emperors.
2. From the Coronation of the Emperor Otto I to the end of the Hohenstaufen Line.
3. From the Exile of the Popes at Avignon to the End of the Fifteenth Century.
4. From the Sixteenth Century to the Treaty of Vienna.
5. From the Peace of Vienna to the Confiscation of the Papal States in 1870.

THE PRESENT POLITICAL POSITION OF THE POPE. In 1870 the States of the Church were annexed to the Kingdom of United Italy. In protest against this unjust usurpation the then Roman Pontiff, Pius IX, shut himself up in the Vatican. His example has been resolutely followed by his successors, Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV and Pius XI.

On May 13, 1871 the Italian Government issued the Law of Guarantees concerning the prerogatives of the Sovereign Pontiff and the Holy See and defining the relations of the State and Church in Italy.

According to this Law: The person of the Pontiff is sacred and inviolable. Offences and insults committed directly against him are punishable by stipulated penalties. The Italian Government renders him sovereign honors and accords him the preëminence recognized by Catholic sovereigns. He is to receive in the name of the Holy See as a perpetual and inalienable annuity the sum of 3,225,000, liras (normally about \$612,750.) The Pope is to enjoy extra-territoriality of the Vatican and Lateran palaces as well as the country-seat, Castel Gandolfo. The complete liberty necessary to holding Conclaves and General Councils is guaranteed. The envoys of foreign Governments to the Holy See shall have in Italy all the prerogatives and immunities accorded to diplomatic agents by international law. The envoys of the Holy See to other Governments

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are given similar rights. The Pope shall have his own postal and telegraphic offices. The transport of telegrams and correspondence of the Holy See shall be exempt from all taxation within the boundaries of Italian territory.

The foregoing are some chief clauses in the Law of Guarantee. It should be noted that the Holy See has never accepted the annuity of \$612,750.00 nor any other monies from the Italian Government. It has been the policy of the Popes since 1870 to maintain their rights to the States of the Church and they have thus far given no indications of relinquishing those rights.

RELATIONS WITH FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS. The Pope is recognized officially by many Governments as a temporal ruler. With about twenty-eight Governments he carries on diplomatic relations. According to international law the Pope still occupies the first place amongst Christian princes, and his ambassadors, nuncios and legates take precedence at every Court of the diplomatic representatives of different Governments.

THE ROMAN QUESTION. In unmistakable terms the present Pope and his two immediate predecessors stated their position on the relation of the Holy See to the Italian Government. They insist that the Pope must be master in his own house—an independent sovereign without interference or protection from any State whatsoever.

In a *motu proprio* of December 13, 1903, relative to Christian education, Pope Pius X stated:

"It is the duty of all Catholic journalists to keep alive in the people the feeling and conviction that the Holy See has found itself in an intolerable position since the invasion of its civil principality; no opportunity should ever be lost of recalling and driving home the solemn protestations that the Holy See never ceases to issue, and the lofty reasons that inspire them."

His immediate successor, Benedict XV, in his encyclical *Pacem* of May 23, 1920, after authorizing official visits of Catholic sovereigns to the Italian Government, says:

"But we must solemnly declare that the condensation of Our attitude, advised, it seems to us, and even demanded by the excessive gravity of the present times, should never be interpreted as a tacit abdication by the Holy See of its sacred rights, as if it had at last accepted the abnormal situation which is at present forced upon it.

"On the contrary, we seize this opportunity to reiterate, on our own behalf and for the same motives, the protestations raised on several occasions by Our predecessors, actuated as they were, not by human reasons, but by a sacred duty."

Our present Holy Father, Pius XI, in the encyclical *Ubi arcano* of December 23, 1922, expresses himself thus:

"The divine origin and nature of our power, as well as the sacred right of the community of the faithful scattered throughout the entire world, require that this sacred power should be independent of all human authority, should not be subject to human laws (*even though these laws claim to protect the liberty of the Roman Pontiff by assistance or guarantees*). They require, in fact, that their rights and power should be completely independent, and that this should be made manifest.

"... We, therefore, the heir and depository of the thought as of the responsibilities of Our predecessors, endowed, like them, with the sole competent authority in this very grave matter, hereby renew the protestations raised by Our predecessors for the defence of the rights and dignity of the Apostolic See. We do so, not to satisfy a vain ambition of terrestrial power, the least preoccupation with which would make Us blush, but to fulfill our sacrosanct charge, and in the thought that we have to die and render to the Divine Judge a strict account of Our acts..."

THE SPIRITUAL LEADER. Whatever the outcome of the Roman Question, whatever the future vicissitudes of the Papacy, it is certain that the Pope shall still dominate the spiritual world. As Jean Carrère so beautifully says: "We have witnessed such transformations in the political geography of this old Europe that all hypotheses become possible—nay, dreams. Empires, republics, dictatorships, federations, free cities, soviets, collectivism? Who can say? Have we to suffer again a cataclysm of human folly? Is our Latin West once more to witness the migrations of the great white and yellow barbarians? Or shall we see blossom over this well-tilled planet the terrestrial paradise of integral communism? These are so many hollow prophecies, which must be left to the drawing-room sibyls and the public-house prophets. But one thing of which we are sure is that there will still reign from the intangible throne of Peter a Pius XVIII, a Leo XXII, a Benedict XXV, or a Gregory XXX, or the bearer of any other name that the elected of the Conclave may care to choose; and that if the chance conflicts of the century oblige him to give up his abode in the Vatican, he will live in a hut, or, if necessary, in a cave; still master of men's souls, still the apostle of love and peace; handing on from pope to pope the ring of the fisherman, and waiting tranquilly through the changes of history for the infallible triumph of the ideal..."

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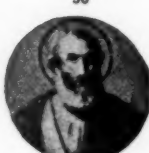
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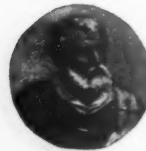
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266. PIUS XI, Achille Ratti, now gloriously reigning, the two hundred and sixty-sixth successor of St. Peter, was born at Desio, March 31, 1857; ordained Priest, December 20, 1879; appointed Apostolic Visitor to Poland, 1918; appointed Nuncio, 1919; promoted to Titular See of Lepanto, July 3, 1919. Created Cardinal June 16, 1921; proclaimed June 21, 1921. Promoted to Milan as Archbishop, June 16, 1921. Elected Pope, February 6, 1922, crowned February 12, 1922.

1. PETER, son of Jona, born at Bethsaida, brother of Andrew, Prince of the Apostles. His original name, Simon, was changed by Christ: "Thou art Simon the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is interpreted Peter." On him was built the Church; to him were given the keys of the kingdom of heaven: "Thou art Peter [a rock]; and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven."—ST. MATTHEW.

2 LINUS—67-76 ?
3 CLETUS—76-88 ?
4 CLEMENT—88-97 ?

5 EVARISTUS—97-105 ?
6 ALEXANDER I.—105-115 ?
7 SIXTUS I.—115-125 ?

8 TELESOPHUS—125-136 ?
9 HYGINUS—136-140 ?
10 PIUS I.—140-155 ?

11 ANICETUS—155-166 ?
12 SOTER—166-175 ?
13 ELEUTHERUS—175-189

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14 VICTOR I.—189-199	79 DEUSEDIT II.—672-676	144 JOHN XV.—985-996	209 INNOCENT VII.—1404-1406
15 ZEPHYRINUS—199-217	80. DONUS—676-678	144 GREGORY V.—996-999	210 GREGORY XII.—1406-1415
16 CALIXTUS I.—217-222	81 AGATHO—678-681	146 SILVESTER II.—999-1003	211 ALEXANDER V.—1409-1410
17 URBAN I.—222-230	82 LEO II.—682-683	147 JOHN XVII.—1003	212 JOHN XXIII.—1410-1415
18 MARK I.—	83 BENEDICT II.—684-685	148 JOHN XVIII.—1004-1009	213 MARTIN V.—1417-1431
19 PONTIAN—230-235	84 JOHN V.—685-686	149 SERGIUS IV.—1009-1012	214 EUGENIUS IV.—1431-1447
20 ANTERUS—235-236	85 CONON—686-687	150 BENEDICT VIII.—1012-1024	215 NICHOLAS V.—1447-1455
21 FABIAN—236-250	86 SERGIUS I.—687-701	151 JOHN XIX.—1024-1032	216 CALIXTUS III.—1455-1458
22 CORNELIUS—251-253	87 JOHN VI.—701-705	152 BENEDICT IX.—1032-1044	217 PIUS II.—1458-1464
23 LUCIUS I.—253-254	88 JOHN VII.—705-707	153 GREGORY VI.—1045	218 PAUL II.—1464-1471
24 STEPHEN I.—254-257	89 SISINNIIUS—708-	154 CLEMENT II.—1046-1047	219 SIXTUS IV.—1471-1484
25 SIXTUS II.—257-258	90 CONSTANTINE I.—708-715	155 DAMASUS II.—1048	220 INNOCENT VIII.—1484-1492
26 DIONYSIUS—259-268	91 GREGORY II.—715-731	156 LEO IX.—1049-1054	
27 FELIX I.—269-274	92 GREGORY III.—731-741	157 VICTOR II.—1055-1057	221 ALEXANDER VI.—1492-1503
28 EUTYCHIAN—275-283	93 ZACHARY—741-752	158 STEPHEN X.—1057-1058	222 PIUS III.—1503
29 CAIUS—283-296	94 STEPHEN II.—752	159 BENEDICT X.—1058-1059	223 JULIUS II.—1503-1513
30 MARCELLINUS—296-304	95 STEPHEN III.—752-757	160 NICHOLAS II.—1059-1061	224 LEO X.—1513-1521
31 MARCELLUS I.—308-309	96 PAUL I.—757-767	161 ALEXANDER II.—1061-1073	225 ADRIAN VI.—1522-1523
32 EUSEBIUS—309-310	97 CONSTANTINE II.—767-768	162 GREGORY VII.—1073-1085	226 CLEMENT VII.—1523-1534
33 MELCHIADES—311-314	98 PHILIP—768	163 VICTOR III.—1087	227 PAUL III.—1534-1549
34 SILVESTER—314-335	99 STEPHEN IV.—768-772	164 URBAN II.—1088-1099	228 JULIUS III.—1550-1555
35 MARK II.—336	100 ADRIAN I.—772-795	165 PASCHAL II.—1099-1118	229 MARCELLUS II.—1555
36 JULIUS I.—337-352	101 LEO III.—795-816	166 GELASIIUS II.—1118-1119	230 PAUL IV.—1555-1555
37 LIBERIUS—352-366	102 STEPHEN V.—816-817	167 CALIXTUS II.—1119-1124	231 PIUS IV.—1559-1565
38 FELIX II.—355-356	103 PASCHAL I.—817-824	168 HONORIUS II.—1124-1130	232 PIUS V.—1566-1572
39 DAMASUS I.—366-384	104 EUGENIUS II.—824-827	169 INNOCENT II.—1130-1143	233 GREGORY XIII.—1572-1585
40 SIRICIUS—384-399	105 VALENTINE—827	170 CELESTINE II.—1143-1144	234 SIXTUS V.—1585-1590
41 ANASTASIUS I.—399-401	106 GREGORY IV.—828-844	171 LUCIUS II.—1144-1145	235 URBAN VII.—1590
42 INNOCENT I.—402-417	107 SERGIUS II.—844-847	172 EUGENIUS III.—1145-1153	236 GREGORY XIV.—1590-1591
43 ZOSIMUS—417-418	108 LEO IV.—847-855	173 ANASTASIUS IV.—1153-1154	237 INNOCENT IX.—1591
44 BONIFACE I.—418-422	109 BENEDICT III.—855-858	174 ADRIAN IV.—1154-1159	238 CLEMENT VIII.—1592-1605
45 CELESTINE I.—422-432	110 NICHOLAS I.—858-867	175 ALEXANDER III.—1159-1181	239 LEO XI.—1605
46 SIXTUS II.—432-440	111 ADRIAN II.—867-872		240 PAUL V.—1605-1621
47 LEO THE GREAT—440-461	112 JOHN VIII.—872-882	176 LUCIUS III.—1181-1185	241 GREGORY XV.—1621-1623
48 HILARY—461-468	113 MARINUS I.—882-884	177 URBAN VIII.—1185-1187	242 URBAN VIII.—1623-1644
49 SIMPLICIUS—468-483	114 ADRIAN III.—884-885	178 GREGORY VIII.—1187	243 INNOCENT X.—1644-1655
50 FELIX III.—483-492	115 STEPHEN VI.—885-891	179 CLEMENT III.—1187-1191	244 ALEXANDER VII.—1655-1667
51 GELASIIUS—492-496	116 FORMOSUS—891-896	180 CELESTINE III.—1191-1198	
52 ANASTASIUS II.—496-498	117 BONIFACE VI.—896	181 INNOCENT III.—1198-1216	245 CLEMENT IX.—1667-1669
53 SYMMACHUS—498-514	118 STEPHEN VII.—896-897	182 HONORIUS III.—1216-1227	246 CLEMENT X.—1670-1676
54 HORMISDAS—514-523	119 ROMANUS—897	183 GREGORY IX.—1227-1241	247 INNOCENT XI.—1676-1689
55 JOHN I.—523-526	120 THEODORE II.—897	184 CELESTINE IV.—1241	248 ALEXANDER VIII.—1689-1691
56 FELIX IV.—526-530	121 JOHN IX.—898-900	185 INNOCENT IV.—1243-1254	
57 BONIFACE II.—530-532	122 BENEDICT IV.—900-903	186 ALEXANDER IV.—1254-1261	249 INNOCENT XII.—1691-1700
58 JOHN II.—532-535	123 LEO V.—903	187 URBAN VIII.—1261-1264	250 CLEMENT XI.—1700-1721
59 AGAPITUS I.—535-536	124 CHRISTOPHORUS—903	188 CLEMENT IV.—1265-1268	251 INNOCENT XIII.—1721-1724
60 SILVERIUS—536-538	125 SERGIUS III.—904-911	189 GREGORY X.—1271-1276	
61 VIGILIUS—538-555	126 ANASTASIUS III.—911-913	190 INNOCENT V.—1276	252 BENEDICT XIII.—1724-1730
62 PELAGIUS I.—555-561	127 LANDO—913-914	191 ADRIAN V.—1276	
63 JOHN III.—561-574	128 JOHN X.—914-928	192 JOHN XX.—1276-1277	253 CLEMENT XII.—1730-1740
64 BENEDICT I.—575-579	129 LEO VI.—928	193 NICHOLAS III.—1277-1280	254 BENEDICT XIV.—1740-1758
65 PELAGIUS II.—579-590	130 STEPHEN VIII.—929-931	194 MARTIN IV.—1281-1285	
66 GREGORY	131 JOHN XI.—931-935	195 HONORIUS IV.—1285-1287	255 CLEMENT XIII.—1758-1769
THE GREAT—590-604	132 LEO VII.—936-939	196 NICHOLAS IV.—1288-1292	
67 SABINIAN—604-606	133 STEPHEN IX.—939-942	197 CELESTINE V.—1294	256 CLEMENT XIV.—1769-1774
68 BONIFACE III.—607-	134 MARINUS II.—942-946	198 BONIFACE VIII.—1294-1303	
69 BONIFACE IV.—608-615	135 AGAPITUS II.—946-955	199 BENEDICT XI.—1303-1304	257 PIUS VI.—1775-1799
70 DEUSEDIT I.—615-618	136 JOHN XII.—955-964	200 CLEMENT V.—1305-1314	258 PIUS VII.—1800-1823
71 BONIFACE V.—619-625	137 LEO VIII.—963-965	201 JOHN XXII.—1316-1334	259 LEO XII.—1823-1829
72 HONORIUS I.—625-638	138 BENEDICT V.—964-966	202 BENEDICT XII.—1334-1342	260 PIUS VIII.—1829-1830
73 SEVERINUS—640	139 JOHN XIII.—965-972	203 CLEMENT VI.—1342-1352	261 GREGORY XVI.—1831-1846
74 JOHN IV.—640-642	140 BENEDICT VI.—973-974	204 INNOCENT VI.—1352-1362	262 PIUS IX.—1846-1878
75 THEODORE I.—642-649	141 BENEDICT VII.—974-983	205 URBAN V.—1362-1370	263 LEO XIII.—1878-1903
76 MARTIN I.—649-655	142 BONIFACE VII.—974 & 984-985	206 GREGORY XI.—1370-1378	264 PIUS X.—1903-1914
77 EUGENIUS I.—655-657		207 URBAN VI.—1378-1389	265 BENEDICT XV.—1914-1922
78 VITALIANUS—657-672	143 JOHN XIV.—983-984	208 BONIFACE IX.—1389-1404	266 PIUS XI.—1922-

Persecution: Christ's Clear Prophecy and Its Evident Fulfillment

WHILE ON a journey between Sydney and Port Said some three years ago I fell in with a Protestant gentleman who attracted the attention of his fellow passengers by reason of his wide range of information and exceptionally keen intellect. He bore the name of one of our most distinguished presidents and though a man of the world—and even worldly—he evinced a deep interest in religious questions which resulted in many warm but friendly discussions. In the process of one of these discussions I was led to put the following questions to him:—If you were convinced that Christ founded one Church and only one, and if you felt inclined to set out in search of this Church what mark or characteristic would you chiefly look for? To my amazement his answer came back quick as a flash: “PERSECUTION!”—an answer which furnishes the topic of the present article.

All Catholics know that there are certain marks by which the Church of Christ can be recognized. These marks or signs are also technically called “Notes” and they are four: Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity, and Apostolicity; so that the Church which is one in her creed and government; the Church which is holy in her doctrines, rites and in the lives of her children generally; the Church which can be found in every quarter of the globe and which can trace her origin by an unbroken line to the Apostles and Christ Himself—THAT CHURCH by these very signs or “notes” *must* be the true Church of Christ!

Now a question arises: Is there any other mark or note which will direct a sincere enquirer to the true Church? To this question I venture an affirmative answer, and for want of a better term, I would designate it as PERSECUTION, heartily agreeing with my Protestant fellow-passenger. In fact *persecution* might almost be called the FIFTH “note” of the Church. As the true church of Christ has always been and must always be one, holy, Catholic and apostolic, so the true Church has always been and must to the crack of doom be *persecuted*. And the reason is as strong as it is simple. Christ *promised* persecution for His Church and as Christ was God His prophecy must not fall to the ground but rather must be fulfilled to the end of time. To put it in other words, Christ’s Church must resemble Himself for she is His Spouse, and as He was a *crucified* God so His Church must be a *persecuted* Church.

BY ALFRED CAGNEY, C. P.

Now someone will say: “But DID Christ prophesy persecution for His Church?” Well, open your Bible and search the Scriptures for His own words and you will find the prophecy not only repeated but repeated in language so strong and clear that it is impossible to mistake His meaning. For instance read St. John, chapter fifteenth, verse twentieth: “Remember my word that I said to you: The servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted me THEY WILL ALSO PERSECUTE YOU.” Read also the eighteenth and nineteenth verses of this same chapter and the opening verses of the sixteenth chapter. Now turn to St. Matthew (10/17): “But beware of men. For they will deliver you up in councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues and you shall be brought before governors and before Kings for my name’s sake.” Then verses 22 and 23: “And you shall be hated by all men for my name’s sake, . . . and when they shall persecute you in this city flee into another.” The same prophecy in chapter twenty-four, verse nine. More texts might be cited but the truth is luminous to those who have eyes to see.

Now which is the persecuted Church? An appeal to history would lead us very far afield. Recall the acts of such worthies as Nero, Diocletian, Decius and Julian. Study the doings of the Goths, Vandals and Iconoclasts, Henry VIII, Elizabeth and Cromwell. But let us come to our own times and ask which church today is the persecuted Church? Are the Methodists persecuted today or the Baptists or the Anglicans or any other Protestant sect? Most assuredly not. Rather they are basking in the sunshine of the world’s favor. Is any Eastern religion persecuted,—Mohammedanism or Buddhism? The newspapers give us no information. Clearly and honestly the only two competitors for this distinction are the Catholic religion and the Jewish religion. Now the Jews are ruled out because it was of His own followers that Christ made the prophecy and, besides, the Jews are not persecuted today because of their religion but (I say it under correction) because they are the rich creditor race among the peoples of the earth just as the United States is the rich creditor nation, and like the Jews the United States is little loved today outside of its own boundaries. The Catholic Church and the Catholic Church alone is persecuted today because of its religious beliefs, and practices. For

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proof witness what has happened in our day in France, in Russia, in Ireland and even in our own beloved country. Above all witness what IS happening in Mexico. Kidnapping and exile of priests, expulsion of nuns, confiscation of church property, restriction of religious worship, closing of Catholic schools, discrimination against Catholics in business life, lies, calumny, and wholesale misrepresentation—all this motivated in great part by greed for ecclesiastical property (easy picking for an armed government against defenseless priests and nuns); the persecutors meanwhile throwing into the eyes of the world the same old calumnious dust: "Priests are meddling in politics" and "The Church is the enemy of civil liberty and civil government."

I do not mean to claim that heretical sects have never been persecuted on account of their faith. On the contrary I allow that there has been *occasional* persecution of these sects because in this, as in other things, they have been the caricature of

the True Church, set up to deceive, if possible, even the elect. But I claim that *constant* and *consistent* persecution through the ages from Nero to Calles can be verified only in the case of the Catholic Church. Cardinal Newman while still a Protestant wrote these remarkable words: "The instance cannot be found in the history of mankind, in which an *anti-Christian* power could long abstain from persecution."

IN A plain and simple way I have but pointed out a line of thought which, while it may be helpful to a sincere enquirer, is chiefly intended for the consolation of Catholics in general and in particular for the encouragement of Mexican Catholics who today are suffering bravely and patiently one of the most dastardly and insidious persecutions in the Church's history. "Remember the word that I said to you: If they have persecuted *Me* they will also persecute *you*."

Mary Magdalene Goes Back

LITTLE old Mickie Dunne had come in to try and get his job back. He entered by the front door and came down the marble hall just as Mrs. Rathburn was about to step out of the elevator. She saw him in time,—nay, recognized him just in time!—and stepped back out of sight.

"Take me up!" said she to the elevator man. "I've forgotten something! And I am in a great hurry."

But before he could slam the elevator doors shut she heard Mickie's whine, half servile, half gump-tious as he had always tried to be: "Silf respectin'," he had called it. "I've been in the hospital, Mister Brown," said he to the superintendent of the apartment house. "I just got out today. Sure, I've been awful sick. Me kidneys. That night whin I didn't come to worruk without notifiyin' ye—" The elevator shot on its way out of hearing.

"Who," said Mrs. Rathburn to the elevator man, —as if she did not know too well!—"is the shabby little party?"

"Ah, that's an old bum we fired," said the fellow, airily. "He didn't come to work one Sunday night an' didn't send no word to the supt. Just like them birds! Get a little hooch under der belts

BY JEROME HARTE BOSMAN

an' the tenants don't get no service!

So, Mickie still drank! "I suppose," she said, carefully, "they'll have to take the poor man on, again!"

"What, them?" cried the operator. "Not a chance! The pen fer him. And he looked like he'd just come out! Hospital, indeed!"

Mickie *had* looked strangely like—His white hair was shaved close to his strange little bumpy head, he wore no collar about his dirty neck, and he had an odd pallor. Still, in the old days, though Mickie drank, he was no law breaker. She could not believe it of him, now!

"How long has he been off?"

"Oh, about six weeks." Of Course. He had left before she moved in. That was why she had not seen him.

"How long had he worked here?"

"Six years, dey tell me. But that don't make no diff'rence!" He opened the car door at her floor.

Mrs. Rathburn found, when she walked across the floor toward the door of her apartment, that her legs were weak. No one wants to see a ghost from the past! And such a pitiable ghost!

She let herself into her apartment and stood just inside the closed door, staring dumbly at the length

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of the rooms before her, lying in the city sun that filtered through the windows. She knew in her heart that those rooms were not all that they should have been in the way of furnishing and decorations. But they were comfortable; they were a long, long journey from the kind of home she had once had! Mr. Rathburn had been generous to her when he told her to get her a place and "fix it up."

Mr. Rathburn! Her heart missed a beat. Mickie down in the main hall! "My God," she whispered. "If he knew!"

She sank into the nearest chair and sat huddled, trying to figure it out. They'd have to take a man back if he'd been with them six years! Just because he had left once without notifying them,—perhaps he was really ill. It would be inhuman to let him drift or starve.

BUT if he came to work in the house, again, she would have to move! Mr. Rathburn had taken a lease. She wondered. But she would have to reason that out! She could not stay in the same house with him. On the other hand, she must do what she could to help him! She'd even ask Mr. Rathburn to speak to the agents. "A tenant will have some weight," she told herself.

If Mickie was still working, Mickie's wife must still be alive. But how—how—

Mrs. Rathburn beat her hands together. "Why should I care today," she asked herself, bitterly, "when I haven't given them a thought for ten years?"

She got up and went into her bedroom and threw her hat and fox scarf on the bed. She had been about to go down Fifth avenue and shop,—her only recreation. The Mrs. Rathburns of the world have no friends or companions, and few resources! But she could not go, now. The sight of Mickie had driven everything else from her.

A force she did not recognize drove her to the house telephone to call the superintendent. She had to know what he had done! "That poor little old man I just saw in the hall," said she, into the superintendent's ear. "Aren't you going to take him back? The elevator man tells me he was here six years!"

The man apologized for Mickie's entrance into the marble hall. "He should have known better. The service entrance is for such as him. We couldn't take him back, madam. The trouble we have had with that man getting drunk and not coming to work when he was expected and there wasn't another man on duty at the doors! It's a terrible thing in a house the class of this one."

"But I am sure he has been sick," she persisted.

"He looked awful. And he probably has a wife to take care of."

"Sure. They all do. She's paralyzed. Been that way eight years. But we can't help that, madam! A house isn't run to take care of door-men's wives!"

Mrs. Rathburn had grasped the telephone wall-box for support. Bridget paralyzed! That fine, strong, hardworking body helpless! God in heaven! Eight years!

"Oh, you must take him back!" she cried, hysteria in her tone. "Mr. Rathburn will break his lease if you don't take back an old employee like that, with an invalid wife! It's inhuman! We are new tenants, but we are good ones and can make our displeasure felt! You may be sure—"

She hung up, suddenly, without waiting to hear his reply. She did not want to hear him. And she had to sit down.

She had to help Mickie even if by helping him she ruined herself! She would have done it, anyway; but his wife was paralyzed,—she *had* to do what she could! "The poor old soul!" said Mrs. Rathburn, and fell to weeping bitter tears.

Would Mr. Rathburn complain to the agents because they had not taken back an old and needy hallman? She doubted it, really. He was a fairly kind man, and she could cajole him on occasion, but he would not understand her sudden, vehement interest in this fellow. And she could not tell him who Mickie was! Mr. Rathburn knew that she was lowly born,—that did not interest him so much,—but to give a handle to Mickie—

No! she dared not! But if Mickie were reinstated in the apartment house, how was she to get Mr. Rathburn to move her out when he had so recently moved her in?

He had left the last apartment because, one night as they entered the front hall, an elderly tenant put up her lorgnette and stared hard at them. "Mrs. Rathburn," said she to her companion. "I bet she is! What is this house coming to, I'd like to know?" Mr. Rathburn could not risk suspicion. They left at once and the agents finally sublet for them. Then, they came here.

BUT this was different. "I'll have to cook up something to tell him," she told herself, wildly. "I can't let them throw Mickie out into the street! He's too old to get into another house and he's been here so long. They've got to take him back! And I can't stay if he's here. Oh, what am I going to do?"

But all the time, in the back of her mind, a thought pounded. "There is something else you can do. Something you should have done long ago.

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Something you should never have left off doing!"

"I couldn't be such a fool!" she cried, and put her hands before her eyes, to shut out memory.

But memory and conscience cannot be forever downed. Mrs. Rathburn got up from her chair and walked the length of her apartment, up and down, up and down. She kept only a half-time colored maid who did not come in until late afternoon, so she was alone; no one was disturbed by her tramping, except the tenants underneath.

But walking and wringing her hands did no good; trying to evolve a plan to help Mickie and his wife without hurting herself was futile. She could only remember.

"You never forget the mother who bore you," she sobbed. "You never forget—a decent,—honest—father."

Poor little Mickie's shaven, bumpy head! She saw it across the years, black as coal, then, nodding as he napped in the parlor of a noisy tenement under the El tracks; she saw her mother tip toe in to lay a bit of mosquito netting over the sleeping face. For all her great bulk, Bridget Dunne was light on her feet, and Mickie did not hear her any more than he heard the rasping, grating roar of the elevated trains above the open windows.

Mrs. Rathburn saw the chromos and the ugly crayon portraits on the walls; the worn rag carpet on the floor; the great brown family Bible on a small stand of its own; the framed photo of a little girl in her first communion dress above it. Her picture!

She saw the wash tubs in the tenement kitchen (it was before the day of stationary tubs) and the washings Mrs. Dunne took in, to eke out Mickie's small wages as an unskilled laborer, were done to the accompaniment of back-breaking filling and emptying of leaky wooden tubs. The child who helped with these heavy tasks was herself,—herself!

"Who could blame me for getting away from it?" whimpered Mrs. Rathburn.

She remembered how proud she had been of her first job, clerking in the basement of a department shop. The money was so welcome at home. And then, the next job,—

She had studied manicuring in a night school, for that seemed a step up to her. She was sixteen, then, and interested in clothes. In the block with them were girls who wore good clothes. They were not servant girls, although their mothers had been; they scorned even to remain shop girls. One of them told the Dunne girl about rich rewards for manicurists,—particularly pretty girls who went to work in barber shops. Mary Ellen Dunne got a niche in a barber shop, but she began about that

time to lie to her mother. Respectable parents were always making a fuss about where their daughters worked!

"Better a good safe place in somebody's kitchen, my girl, than bein' in the way o' men in offices an' stores an' such! They mean no good to the loikes of you!" Mrs. Dunne never knew,—unless she found it out after her daughter had left home,—that Mary Ellen did her manicuring in a barber shop, instead of in a ladies' beauty parlor, as she told her parents.

STILL, in those days, Mary Ellen thought of marriage; of a rich, brilliant marriage. She thought one of her customers might marry her and buy her diamonds and take her to Europe! Of such things are young girls' dreams made.

If the tales other manicurists and the barbers around her shop told her were true, then she had at least one marriage on which to base her hopes. "And she was no better than the rest of us!" Mrs. Rathburn could still say to herself. One of her customers had married his manicurist and put her in a maisonette on Fifth avenue and hired a press agent to put her name and her picture in the Society columns; finally, her name appeared in the Social Register. How the other girls envied and hated her! how ardently they all hoped to do what she had done!

Mary Ellen never did it. But Mr. Rathburn came along. And then, one day, she left her father's tenement, after a bitter quarrel. "I've had me suspicions about you for some time, my foine girl!" cried her mother. "Ye've been lyin' to me even about goin' to Confession! I know it, now! Oh, glory be to God, if you were only dead and in your grave, it would be a blessin'! Ye think ye know more than your poor ignorant father and mother, but they know ye'll be on the streets in no time and in the gutter sooner than you expect!"

Mrs. Rathburn could hear Bridget Dunne's deep voice shrieking down the tenement stairs after her; it had lost none of its strength through years of remembrance: "I'll be prayin' fer ye! It's the only thing a heartbroken mother can do! And ye'll come back, Mary Ellen! Ye'll come back, sooner or later!"

Mrs. Rathburn raised a stricken face to the grating of a key in the front door lock. It was Mr. Rathburn. The door opened and he stepped in,—a clean shaven man with iron gray hair, many years older than Mary Ellen. He had a hard mouth, but his eyes were kind. He was no better and no worse than other rich men of his class in New York; Mary Ellen Dunne had made what she had made of her life with her young eyes wide open, and this

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man had treated her with the fairness of his code. He did not marry her because he already had a wife and family; whether he would have married her, otherwise, the girl was never to know.

"Hello," he greeted. "Why the glooms?" An older man kept a young woman to amuse him and make life more carefree. Mary Ellen knew that. But today, she did not try to brighten.

"Peter," she said, impulsively, "did you see a little old man with close-shaven white hair down in the hall?"

"No. Why?"

"He was the doorman. He came to get his job back. He has been sick and in the hospital and he has a paralyzed wife. But the superintendent told me they were not going to take him back!"

"Some of those poor old devils have a hard time," said the man, without harshness. "I suppose it is their own fault,—but well! what can the rest of us do about it!"

"You could speak to the landlord."

"Interest myself in the downtrodden? Very well. I'll telephone him. But why the devil are you so interested in one underdog more than another?"

"He's my father, Peter." She had not meant to say it!

"For God's sake! Well, you can't have him working here, then! What would he think—and say?"

"He must never know. He'd kill me with his own hands and pay the penalty for it, if he found out! The Irish are strong on virtue and respectability, and my folks are Irish."

"Then, why the devil did you bring up the subject?" he demanded, testily. "If he's your father and we can't have him here, what's the big idea your asking me to telephone the agents about him?"

"We could move," she said, pitifully. She had meant to be so much cleverer than this about it!

"We could move! Like Mike! There's enough risk every time I take an apartment for you to show up the whole thing to my wife and family! Do you think I want to tempt fate once too often?"

"No," she said, miserably.

His face suddenly darkened, ominously. "You are not by any chance trying to hold me up for this mythical family of yours, are you?" he rapped out. "I'm no sucker, you know!"

Mary Ellen Dunne got up from her chair. She smiled, weakly. "They wouldn't take it from you," she said. "And if I went back to them dressed like this and wearing all this jewelry, they wouldn't take a cent from me, either. They'd guess,—and they'd rather see me dead. Now they think I am dead. They haven't heard from me in ten years. I am on

the police list of missing persons! I've changed a lot. Only a mother or father would know me."

"Why don't you go back to them?" he sneered.

"I have been trying not to believe that that was what I was going to do! I knew, when I saw poor Mickie, that I *was* going to do it!"

The man stared at her, while somewhere in the apartment a clock ticked off the minutes. "Do you mean it?" he asked, finally.

"I'm afraid I do," she said, wanly. "Back,—and be an honest woman!"

He shrugged. "I would never have discarded you," he said, at last. "A man owes a girl something, after he has lived with her. But do you mind if I say I am rather glad? Things have been getting increasingly hard and dangerous for me as my children grow up. I have felt the pinch, lately; and I should like to look the world in the face each day without wondering if anyone recognized Mr. Rathburn!"

SHE began to take off her rings, a diamond pin, and a platinum and diamond wrist watch and lay them on a small table near her. "I can do something for you, Mary," he said, lamely. "I'm not rich, as rich men go, but anything you suggest within reason,—"

"You might write me a letter of recommendation, in your own name," she said. "I'll need good references to get any kind of an honest job! Just address it 'To whom it may concern' and say you've employed me for years and have found me honest, intelligent, sober. That ought to do, whether I look for a job as a manicurist, a shop girl, or a servant!"

"Do you mean it?" (She nodded, dumbly.) "Of course, if you are really determined to go straight —" He sat down at a desk.

A little later, Mary Ellen Dunne, alias Mrs. Rathburn, came from the bedroom. She had donned the plainest clothes she owned,—a rainy day tailormade, and tight hat,—and she carried no bag. "I have a little money," she said. "But I have no clothes that will do on Avenue A. So, I am leaving them all. Goodbye, Peter."

"I wonder just why you are going!" he mused. "You hated all your life in the slums! You left no stone unturned to get away!"

She smiled a twisted smile. "What draws Mary Magdalene back?" she said. "Her old mother's prayers! She yelled down the stairs after me when she couldn't hold me home any longer, and she said: 'I'll be praying for you, and you'll come back!' She's paralyzed, now, and Mickie is out of a job. I'll go back, shriven and humble!"

Archconfraternity Comment

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for November, 1926)

THE INTENTION of the Archconfraternity for the month of November is "Our Passionist Missions." The mission season is now in full swing, and the missionaries rely chiefly on prayer for the success of their labors. The Intention is peculiarly appropriate for the Archconfraternity, as the Passion is the central idea of our missions. The missionary soon learns the truth of that saying of Fr. Faber that it is the simple preaching of the Passion that crowds the confessional and the altar rails.

THE LAY APOSTOLATE

HENCEFORTH we hope to devote much of our Archconfraternity Comment to discussion of our lay apostolate work. We trust that most of the members of the Archconfraternity will join us in trying to bring those outside the Church back to the Faith of their fathers. We shall use this page to discuss the various difficulties and experiences of the lay apostle. Please send us your ideas about the work, and anything in connection with the movement that might be interesting.

After all, the work of the lay apostolate can be summed up very simply. What we require is a desire to bring some soul back to the Church, together with some knowledge of our Faith and some ability to get others to know it as we do.

To put the matter very bluntly, we must take up this labor as a salesman. For, in a very true sense, we should be salesmen, trying to interest others in the Faith of Jesus Christ, the "pearl of great price," and endeavoring to persuade them to purchase it at any cost.

On the eve of His Passion, the Divine Founder of the Church of God prayed for unity in belief for all souls for whom He was about to give His life. "Holy Father," He prayed, "keep them in Thy name whom thou hast given Me; that they might be one, even as we also are." The unity of belief that was the desire of Christ's heart was

a remarkable unity only surpassed by the unity of the Divine Trinity. Those followers are most dear to His Heart who seek always to achieve and preserve this unity among Christians.

CHARITY COVERETH A MULTITUDE OF SINS

THERE are men who have unlimited wealth and who never think of sharing it with others. They are selfish.

There are some Catholics who have the untold riches of their Faith and who never think of sharing these riches with others. In many cases it is not because these Catholics are selfish, but because they are just a little bit thoughtless.

They do not realize what their Faith should mean to them or what it would mean to those who have it not.

God has given us the Catholic Faith with all its wealth of spiritual treasure. Have you ever even thought of sharing that Faith with others who are without it? If not, why? Are you selfish or merely thoughtless?

God gives us nothing without expecting us to share it with others less fortunate than we. He expects us, above all, to share our Faith with others. He wants us to do it. And with a little good will, we can do it.

In sharing your Faith with someone who has it not, you will please God, bring to others a happiness that is not of this world, and to yourself untold blessings. "Charity," says our Lord, "covereth a multitude of sins." We all have sins,—and here we have one of the greatest acts of charity with which to cover them.

In refusing to try to share your Faith with others, you will displease God and lose for yourself and others many blessings. Perhaps, indeed, God may hold you to account for some soul you could easily have brought to Him. *Do you know any reason why you should not try to bring some soul into the Church?* If you do, please let us know.

THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE SACRED PASSION

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. **FIRST DEGREE** Members make daily Five Offerings of the Precious Blood in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ. **SECOND DEGREE** Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. **THIRD DEGREE** Members make five to ten minutes Meditation daily on the Passion besides saying the prayers of the First and Second Degrees. The **SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY** of the Archconfraternity consists in a **CRUSADE OF PRAYERS** and **GOOD WORKS** for missionary work at home and in China. Membership will increase your personal devotion to Christ Crucified. Send your name for enrollment to **THE SIGN**, Union City, N. J.

The Courtyard: *Fourth Chapter in the Highway of the Cross*

BY PLACID WAREING, C. P.

IN THE wake of the procession of Temple-guards, Sanhedrin-police, servants of the High-Priest and onlookers who, shortly after midnight, conducted or followed our Lord into the palace of Caiapphas, there followed at a little distance the apostles, Simon Peter and John. These had clung to their Master with a devotedness above that of their companions, who on His apprehension had fled in different directions, and both now kept near Him, drawn by some vague hope of bringing Him help.

The entrance to the palace was through two doors, one called *janua* between the street and a vestibule, the other *ostiun* between this vestibule and the *atrium*, or courtyard, from which the principal apartments were reached. The door-keepers were known as janitor and ostiarius respectively—St. John entered the courtyard without being challenged, for he was known to the High-Priest and consequently to the servants, though indeed the nature of this acquaintance is still a puzzle to historians. But Simon Peter was less fortunate: whether through his own timidity, or restrained by others, he “remained without.”

St. John finding himself alone returned for his companion. As they passed through the inner door the portress, either a female slave or a servant-girl, noticed Peter, looked hard at him, and asked him, “Art thou also one of this man’s disciples?” The “also” seems to show that she already knew John was, and consequently there was nothing for him to fear; moreover his words would be heard by John, yet Peter, as he pushed by, answered, “I am not.” He had probably no intention here of denying his Master; he merely wished to save himself the annoyance of being repulsed, and this by a young woman, whether slave or servant. Safely within the palace precincts the disciples parted, John wishing to make his way into the audience-hall to see for himself what was happening to his Divine Master.

As in Palestine, at spring-time, the nights are bitterly cold, the servants had placed in the middle of the courtyard the usual copper brazier filled with glowing charcoal. Around it a little crowd were warming themselves. These Peter joined not so much for the sake of warmth as to avoid observation. He stood there in the endeavor to catch some glimpse through its open portals of what was taking place in the audience-hall. He could, however,

gather but little, and at length overcome by weariness and

fatigue he joined the circle that in oriental fashion were squattered around the brazier. As he did so the glow of the burning charcoal fell full upon him—the powerful square frame of the daily toiler on the sea, the strong rounded head, rough features, prominent jaw, bold forehead, and thick curly hair and beard were clearly illumined in the light of the fire.

In a short while a maid servant happening to cross the court was struck by his appearance, as that of a stranger, and looking at him closer and more earnestly said first to himself, then to the bystanders, that surely he was a follower of Jesus of Nazareth. Peter protested that he did not even know Him. Then a man in the circle confirmed the maid’s words, and Peter again immediately protested, “O man, I am not.” After this there was silence, during which the apostle with failing heart withdrew to the darkness of the vestibule. As he did so there was heard from a distance the crowing of a cock, with animal instinct sentient of the coming day. Within the vestibule another maid servant, probably the portress, noticed Peter and said to some with whom she was chatting that this man was also with Jesus of Nazareth. But Peter swore before them that he did not even know Him. After a while he ventured to return to the fire, and seems to have been there about an hour when he was again attacked; this time he added an oath to his protestation, when they rejoined that his rough accent, evidently Galilean, had betrayed him. Finally a man, a relative of Malchus, challenged him: “Did I not see thee in the garden with Him?” and in spite of the apostle’s oaths and protestations the crowd became menacing.

WHEN he is freed; but how? His accusers are silent and fall back, all eyes straining towards a group now leaving the audience-hall, descending the few steps to the lower level of the court, and about to cross it near the fire—guards and servants with Jesus in their midst. As He passed He could not pause, nor could He speak, but “turning looked on Peter.” Then heart spoke to heart.

From the sacred face, thin from exhaustion and white with pain, stained with blood and dust and sweat, defiled with bruise and spittle; from the sad, tearful eyes came the loving reproach that wakened in the heart it smote memories of the dear past in pictures quick and vivid as of lightning.

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His brother bringing him to Jesus, where John was baptising in the desert of Judea; the strange promise of a changed name; the journey of the little company back to Galilee; his wonder at the water changed into wine at the marriage feast of Cana;

himself casting his net into the sea when called to be a fisher of men; the gracious visit to his home at Capharnaum; the choosing of the twelve from the crowd gathered on the slope of the mountain, and he to be their chief; the note of flute and wail of weeping through which the ruler's dead daughter heard the summons back to life; the firm hand saving him when the strong waves were carrying him away in the storm; the morning in the synagogue of Capharnaum when he was spokesman of the trusting few at the promise of the Eucharist; then in the far away territory of Caesarea-Philippi his outburst of faith that Jesus was the Son of the living God, and Jesus' rejoinder that he was the Rock; he saw again His face shining as the sun and His garments white as snow in the glory of Tabor: he heard again the warning given him in the Cenacle and remembered how he slept while his Master sorrowed at Gethsemane: pictures crowding on each other as visions come to the drowning. He would "follow Him whithersoever He would go."

"Though all should deny Him, he would not." "Hewould die first." Was ever loving resolve more sadly wrecked? Did ever noble purpose more hopelessly lie shattered at a man's feet to be sprinkled with his tears! His faith had not failed, nor his love cooled, but the courage that drew the sword in the garden had died in the

face of danger when fear held him in its grip.

Thinking on these things "he wept bitterly." The crowd astonished at his grief, made way for him to pass, and he hurried from the palace.

Outside the gate, in solitude and the faint light

of coming day, a strong man, bent and shaken with grief, the sob of a breaking heart laid upon the passing wind!

Feeling that he could not meet any of our Lord's friends, that he must hide somewhere his shame and sorrow, he took refuge in a deep cave close by where he could weep; where the spring of the tears gushed forth that would furrow his cheeks till death:

"Coward and braggart: traitor and liar am I

That swore and ruffled—and when trial came

Forgot all save myself denied my Friend,

Swore that I knew Him not! because a maid

Laughed at me.

Ah, Lord, come back, Lord! But one word to me

To wipe away the sorrow of those Eyes,

That looked on me—on me who once He said

Should be the very Rock, those Eyes that shone

There in the fire-light, in the court: those Eyes That looked on me!"

Faith had been divinely given him that he might be the Rock; he loved above all the others for he was to have charge of the sheep and the lambs;

now tenderness for the weak and fallen must be his, for these are the "sheaves of joyfulness" in the harvest of the Passion.

*A small church was afterwards built on this spot, called *Galli Cante* or *In Galli Cantu*. It was destroyed in the thirteenth century. (Ollivier's "Passion")



SIMON PETER DENIES CHRIST

Now when Peter was in the court below, there cometh one of the maid servants of the high priest. And when she had seen Peter warming himself, looking on him she saith: Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth. But he denied, saying: I neither know nor understand what thou sayest. And he went forth before the court; and the cock crew. And again a maid-servant seeing him, began to say to the by-standers: This is one of them. But he denied again. And after a while they that stood by said again to Peter: Surely thou art one of them; for thou also art a Galilean. But he began to curse and to swear, saying: I know not this man of whom you speak. And immediately the cock crew again. And Peter remembered the word that Jesus had said unto him: Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt thrice deny me. And he began to weep.—(ST. MARK: 15/66-72.)

The Bonds of Christ

The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

THE PATRIOT sighed for freedom and emphatically declared, that he, for one, preferred death to servitude. The liberty that was the object of his desires was the political independence of his native land, and for himself the free exercise of his God-given rights. But a far nobler freedom has been obtained for us, which the prayers and the blood of patriots could never gain. By the sacrifice of His own liberty and by the shedding of His own blood, Jesus Christ has achieved for us the true freedom of the sons of God.

This God-gained liberty is not from the slavery of men or from the shackles of a tyrant, but from the domination of principalities and powers, from the concupiscence of the flesh, from the lure of the world and the power of the devil. Knowing full well how heavy was the burden upon men's hearts and that they had no hope of deliverance except through Him, the divine Emancipator came. Conscious of His mighty power to conquer man's foe and to accomplish the gigantic task He set Himself to do, at the very outset of His work, He declared, "If the son shall make you free you shall be free indeed." (St. JOHN 8/36).

By delivering Himself up to His enemies He saved us from ours. By the sacrifice of His own liberty and, eventually, by the offering of His own life, our Liberator achieved for all men of all nations and of all times, the freedom of the children of God. The charter of our liberties is written in the blood of the Most High and signed with the sign of the Cross.

A more majestic scene is not found in the tragedy of His Passion than the scene of Jesus Christ freeing man by delivering Himself to His enemies. Let us reconstruct the picture, for we, in this great democracy, have need of the lessons it inculcates.

The terrible agony that ended in a bloody sweat has swept over His soul. Arising, Jesus walks wearily to His sleeping disciples. "It is enough!", He says to them. "The hour is come; behold the Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners." (St. MARK 14/41). "Rise let us go: behold, he is at hand who will betray Me." (St. MATTHEW 26/46.) The gloom of the garden is pierced by the glare of many torches and the stillness broken by the rattling of arms and the tramping of feet. A band of soldiers enters, led by the perfidious Judas. "Jesus, therefore, knowing all

BY NORMAN KELLY, C. P.

things that should come upon Him, went forth" to meet them.

"Whom seek ye?" He inquires. They answer Him, "Jesus of Nazareth." Jesus simply replies, "I am He." The Gospel narrative adds, "As soon, therefore, as He had said to them, 'I am He,' they went backwards and fell to the ground." "Again therefore, He asked them: 'Whom seek ye?' And they answer, 'Jesus of Nazareth.' Jesus answered: 'I have told you that I am He. If therefore you seek Me, let these [His disciples] go their way.' Then the band and the Tribune and the servants of the Jews took Jesus, and bound Him." (St. JOHN 18/4-12).

And thus, by the light of the lanterns and the torches we behold these wretches bind with cords and chains the Prince of Peace. How well had the prophet said of Him, "I am become as a man without help. I am delivered up and I came not forth." (Ps. 87). A little reflection will show that this sacrifice of His liberty was voluntary, whole-hearted and lasting.

ALL through His public life He had impressed on foe and friend alike that no one could take away His life; that He had "power to lay down His life and power to take it up again." On one occasion His enemies had actually led Him to the brow of a hill intending to cast Him down, but He turned and calmly walked through the midst of them. It could not be otherwise. God's Son had all power in heaven and on earth. The only law He ever acknowledged as being above Him, was the will of His Father. (He had sacrificed His own will.) No human power, therefore, could shackle or restrain Him. No matter how His enemies might plan and plot against Him, they could not lay a finger upon Him unless He allowed it. He rebuked Peter for his intemperate zeal in defending Him with the declaration, that He had only to ask and twelve legions of angels would come to do battle for Him, if force were necessary. That He needed no help is abundantly proved by the fact that at His mere word His captors had fallen helpless before Him.

Conscious of His power and authority at the very moment when they would take Him prisoner, He commands and His enemies obey. He orders them to permit His disciples to depart unharmed. And divinely enough, His word is law, and His very enemies heed His words.

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WITH these facts before us, we can easily see how voluntary was the sacrifice of His liberty. For it was only after He gave proof of His power to escape by casting His enemies to the ground and made sure of the liberty of His apostles, that He gave Himself into their hands. Both in word and deed, Jesus showed us how free and voluntary was His surrender.

Moreover, He gave Himself without reserve. He did not parley or ask quarter. He entered not into argument with His captors. He did not say, thus far and no further. And this is all the more amazing when we consider His knowledge of the future. For He clearly saw to what extent they would abuse the power that He had given them over His person. He saw Himself in the dungeon, insulted, outraged, blasphemed and cruelly treated by the soldiers and the mob. He saw Himself bound to the pillar, scourged, weltering in His blood. Even then in anticipation the thorny crown was on His brow and the nails pierced His hands and feet. In sacrificing His liberty He sacrificed His honor and His life.

It fills us with amazement to see how completely and lastingly Jesus Christ sacrificed His liberty for us. His sacrifice endured from the moment He gave Himself up till the moment He gave His Spirit into the hands of His Father. Not only that, but He prolonged His life, so that they might work their will upon Him. A mere man would have died under that terrible scourging or the inhuman crowning with thorns. Christ prolonged His life miraculously till the fiendish ingenuity of His enemies failed to invent new tortures.

The Son of God, Whose word is law, Whose power is infinite, Whose dignity is one with God in heaven, submitted to the will of His creatures to whom He had given what power or wisdom they possessed. He could have blinded them, struck them dead. But no, He gave Himself up freely, nay, gladly, for our salvation. He meekly held out His hands to receive the ropes and the chains that bound Him. Only once did He free His hands from their bonds and then only to have them riveted more securely to the cross.

Reflections crowd in upon us when we consider the God-Man in bonds. There are many lessons to be drawn from this mystery especially suited for our age and country. The Constitution of this nation declares that all men are created free and equal and guarantees to each man the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This is no new doctrine. The Catholic Church believed and taught this long before America was discovered. She teaches that Jesus Christ alone by His teaching has freed us from the darkness of pagan error. In fact

she teaches that by the sacrifice of His liberty, we are freed from the slavery of the devil. In fact she teaches, that by His death on the cross He gave us true and a more abundant life and by the plentiful graces, merited for us by His sacrifice, we may be free from the slavery of our own passions. In fact she teaches that He alone has made it possible for us to pursue true happiness here and even obtain a perfect happiness hereafter.

St. Paul tells us that we are free by the freedom wherein Christ has made us free. Failure to realize this has always been the crying evil of a democracy. Men have made liberty to mean license and lawlessness—the total breaking with all restraints. They are guilty of insubordination to lawful authority, of fostering every conceivable danger to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. They attempt to break the marriage tie and thus wreck the home and bring ruin to the souls of their offspring. They are indifferent to the God to Whom they owe their freedom and to the practice of His religion. Is this freedom? Rather it is a return to the very condition of slavery from which Christ sought to free them. "Know you not," says St. Paul, "that to whom you yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants you are, whom you obey, whether it be of sin unto death or obedience unto justice." (Rom 6/16).

Christ freed our minds from the darkness of error in giving us the light of the Gospel. Are we free when we turn back to error or expose ourselves to doubts against His holy religion. He freed us from the slavery of the devil when He broke the chain of sin that bound us to the monster. Are we free when we return to that condition of slavery and forfeit our priceless birthright of sanctifying grace? "For his servants you are *whom* you obey." Persisting in sin we can expect a continuance of this state of slavery for all eternity.

ONLY by obedience to the law of Christ do we possess and enjoy true liberty. For liberty is nothing else than obedience to proper law and rightful authority. All else is but a servitude, a slavery to the devil, to our own desires, or to a gross and fickle world.

What a different place this world would be if all realized that they are free only by the freedom wherein Christ has made them free. How different would our own lives be, if we thought sometimes of what a great price the Son of Man paid to give us the true freedom of the children of God. "For you are bought," says St. Paul, "with a great price." (I Cor. 6/20). "Be not made the bond slaves of men." (I Cor. 7/23).

OUR JUNIOR READERS



Mother Dear

By V. B.

(A Very Young Little Missionary)

Mother dear, so kind and thoughtful,
Mother dear, so tried and true,
You're one of my heart's dearest treasures—
I can say that I love you!

Love and care hath made you, Mother,
Sweeter than all flowers known—
Faster, faster every minute
You dearer to my heart have grown!

I really love you, dearest Mother—
Love you more than words can tell.
Others may love and love and love,
But I love you and I love you well!

Marcia Kane

By M. SHALLY KLEMENTS

THE KANE family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Kane and Marcia. Marcia was an adopted child. Several years previously the Kanes who were themselves childless, had got her from an indigent father and mother, who were too poverty-stricken to keep or provide for the child. Marcia had been a great comfort and consolation to her foster-parents, and as she grew older had reciprocated all the care and affection which they had lavished upon her. From the day when they had adopted her the Kane family had never seen or heard from Marcia's parents again.

Mr. Kane died when Marcia was eight years old, and Mrs. Kane supported herself and the child on a small monthly allowance paid her by the railroad company for which Mr. Kane had worked many years. When Marcia was ten and had been confirmed, she contracted a very severe illness and despite every medical care and attention emerged

from it a complete cripple. She could never run around again. The best she do was to get around on a pair of crutches.

Her life was uneventful in the little home which was within hailing distance of the railroad. A little distance along the track stood the switch tower. Its operator, William Halloway, was a kindly man and the father of a large growing family. He took great interest in Marcia. When off duty he would chat with her and Mrs. Kane mainly about railroads and railroading. He had a wonderful repertoire of railroad experiences. He frequently invited Marcia to the tower and explained to her the system and use of the many switches there. Marcia went to the tower after school. Mr. Halloway always welcomed her with a smile and a cheery greeting. He sat her on the high cane back chair and chatted with her. Marcia's great pleasure came when a train passed. Her face glowed with excitement; she bumped up and down and swirled her almost useless legs about, clapped her hands and shouted. However, when she shouted to the rapidly moving train there was never any response. So she adopted the habit of waving her handkerchief as the train passed. Sure enough, as she expected, she received responses to her wave. Conductors and brakemen without exception waved back and later on even engineers gave a salute with a loud, short, snappy toot of the steam whistle. It was a glad day for Marcia when the first engineer did this, but to have them all do it afterwards was simply glorious.

Halloway began to notice these salutations. "Why, my little lady," he said one day, "you are somebody after all. If you keep on waving and being waved to, you'll have this the salute station of the road. You deserve it Marcia; one can't do too much for a little girl like you."

"Do you know why I wave Popsy?" she asked one day. She always called him Popsy.

"No," he replied, "why do you?"

"Well, it's because these engine men run so fast, that's why."

"But, child, they don't run; it's the locomotive

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that runs,—they sit by the window and guide it along the track. They turn valves and push levers, like these here in the switch tower. And those big wheels are driven along by steam."

"They do run, see how they bob up and down and hardly look this way. I know they are running and I want to cheer them along. I wish my legs would let me run like that."

"Well, all right Marcia, have it your way, but I would think they must be tired out running a hundred miles or so. Don't you think so, too?"

"Oh, Popsy, I'm only fooling. Of course the engine men don't run; it's my legs that want to think so."

"Your legs, my child? Your legs don't think."

"Oh dear, Popsy, don't speak too loud, they will hear you and be sad."

"Marcia, you are beyond me; legs thinking; legs feeling sad; legs hearing. Now what do you mean?" He sat down and smiled.

Marcia reached and grasped her crutches and putting them together laid them against the wall. Then she swung round where her eyes could look either way and see the tracks.

"Popsy," she began, "the first time I came up here and sat where I am, I saw a train passing. Inside I saw children and parents and all looked so happy. One little girl threw something out of the window, and I went down afterwards and picked it up. That evening I sat on our porch. It was summer-time. Mom was busy and I was all alone. My poor legs were sad. They told me so. Just in a tiny whisper they complained to me: 'Why don't you let us run and play?' they asked. 'These two sticks you've got are taking our place and it's not fair; here we are down here waiting to be used. We want to run, we want to climb trees, we want to walk among the flowers; we want to chase butterflies; we want to splash in the brook; we want to jump the rope and chase the cows and play with Fido; we want... we want...' Oh Popsy, I just cried and wouldn't listen any more."

Mr. Holloway rose and taking Marcia in his arms, laid her head against his breast and sat down. Both were silent a long, long time. Holloway broke silence.

"Well, Marcia, will you let me see what you've found?" he said.

The little hand opened, and lying inside it was a make-believe locket. Inside the locket he found a tiny picture of Our Lord on the Cross.

"Oh, I understand," he said, "you were thinking of Him."

"Of the sheep and the little lamb, too," she answered.

"Sheep and lamb?" he asked puzzled.

"Yes, don't you remember the cattle train stopping here?"

"Yes, they had a hot axle; they had to cool it."

"Right out there"—she pointed to the tracks—"a car stopped full of sheep. I just looked; one of them raised its head and looked at me. It had the saddest eyes I ever saw; I just felt like taking its head in my lap and hugging it. Honest, Popsy, I believe it was crying."

"Crying, what for?"

"Why for its baby it left somewhere in the field."

He looked down at the picture in the locket. Was there a tear there falling from the sad Eyes?

"As I sat on the porch," she continued, "I began thinking of those sheep and the little lamb and my legs were thinking too. They hushed right away when I took the crutches and went real fast down through the field where the little lamb was. I gathered it up and sat down and fondled it and it stopped crying and lay quiet. And I gathered a few daisies and teased its nose until it laughed right out loud. Soon it fell asleep in my arms. And my legs were glad. As I watched the lamb sleeping my eyes noticed the little locket, and I opened it and looked a long time at it. I began to think—you won't laugh if I tell you what I thought, will you?"

"Laugh, why no, Marcia; do tell me what you thought."

"Well, you know my legs have to be fooled into being satisfied. That's why I use my maggie-nation."

"Not maggie-nation; imagination, Marcia, if you please."

"Oh, well it doesn't matter; I fool them lots and lots of times. When I had got them nice and quieted down nursing the little sleeping lamb"—

"You mean you imagined a little lamb was sleeping in your lap?" he corrected her.

"Yes, that's it, and the nice day and all. Well I looked at the picture in the locket and began to think about it. You know He was nailed to a Cross."

"Yes, I know, go on."

"You know there was a big crowd of people watching Him die. I left my little lamb and went around through the crowd; guess what I was looking for?"

"I don't know. What?"

"Why for little children like me; for boys and girls; they should be there, too."

"Children on Mount Calvary? why why—"

"Yes, children. Didn't they help to nail Him to the Cross?"

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"Marcia, you, you,—"

"I didn't find any children there; I saw fathers and mothers; sisters and brothers, but all grown up people. And all these grown up people forgot all about the children, except Him and His mother; they hid them."

"Hid them! What do you mean?"

"Why, He was God wasn't He? Couldn't He hide them by letting them play out on the streets or in the fields. And His mother kept all this in her heart. She knew. If children were on Mount Calvary when He hung on the Cross, maybe He might repent what He was doing and come down—He loved children so much."

"Marcia, you're right; He hid them."

"Yes, and I kept away down over the hill and could just see His outstretched arms and head. Oh, Popsy, it was all so sad. I was going to creep up and hide under the mantle of His mother or else kneel down with that woman at the foot of the Cross. I then could see His feet, I thought. But I didn't go, I just stayed. I knew anyhow how His feet felt, because I know how mine feel,—that's why. I can move my toes and heels a little; but He! oh, He dared not, it would hurt so. Besides right through His feet was driven a great big spike, and the blood was running down the Cross on to the ground. Right there I learned how to console my feet best; I show them His, and they are ashamed to complain any more."

Then I got up; Mom was calling. She had lamb for supper and somehow I couldn't eat any more that day."

Daddy Sen Fu's Own

MY DEAR JUNIORS:—One of our Passionist missionaries wrote home to us one time and said this in his letter:—

"Chinese children are very much like our own children in many ways. The boys build toy houses, make toy boats and sail them in the gutters of the streets. They play merchant, too, make mud pies and sell them. They fly kites, spin tops, play hide and seek and many other games that our children play. The girls are unlike our American girls in that they have no dollies except the ones they carry strapped to their backs in the shape of a younger brother and sister. At times they have spats, too. They make faces, stick out their tongues at each other and call names. Children are the same the whole world over. The Chinese would rather lose their lives than lose their good name, or as they say, "lose face." Cases have been heard of children

who have hanged themselves because they were punished in public by their parents and thus 'lost face'."

Now, my dear Juniors, you will see from this that whether it be in the streets of New York or Chicago or far-away San Francisco or in the streets of Hunan in distant China, children are very much alike. And yet in places such as we have mentioned we know very well that children are very different from each other in other respects. Whereas here in America every child who is a Catholic has the blessing of the true Faith, in China there are many millions of children who are not Catholics. Further, there will be many thousands who will never in their life-time, through no fault of their own, have any opportunity of becoming either Christian or Catholic, but who will go down to the grave as a body of poor deluded souls steeped in ignorance and dark superstition, worshipping silly little Chinese idols such as we see on the counters of an antique shop or on the shelves of country houses as ornaments or match-holders. It is a hard thought isn't it, that our dear Savior Who died that all men might be saved, should be cheated, as it were, out of the full rewards of the wonderful Redemption, and that two thousand years after He died on Calvary for the souls of all men, there should be men living who have never even heard of Him, or do not know His Sacred Name, or have no idea that there ever was a Redeemer who was crucified. But it is like this in China.

Now, my dear Juniors, just why is this? Why must pagans be left to live and die pagans? It is not due to lack of desire on the part of the Church to save their souls. It is not due to cowardice or shirking on the part of missionary priests. When a priest volunteers to go to a pagan country like China to save the souls of heathens, he knows perfectly well what he is doing, he knows he is not going out to an easy job with an enormous salary for doing it, and that he will not be required to sit on a raised chair in a palace, while all kinds of important Chinese people pass before him in procession bowing low to him and saying pretty things. He knows there will be no slaves to fan him in hot weather while he sips iced lemonade from a golden cup. Ambassador of Christ, the priest of God truly is, Vicegerent in pagan lands of the high King of Heaven, but he will not have anything of the rank and pomp of an ambassador as a missionary priest in China. He will get his share and more than his share of all that comes to a missionary, sadness, perhaps disappointment at times, hunger, thirst, poverty always, frequent privation, toil, long journeys on foot, floods and storms, heat and cold,

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Sometimes bandits will capture him, torture him, demand money and put him to death. He knows all this when he casts his last look at his beloved America from the deck of a steamer as he sails for China and the Golden Gate recedes for ever from his view. For remember, dear Juniors, a missionary is a VOLUNTEER FOR CHRIST. He is not compelled to go.

Now, Juniors, there is one great reason why millions of people in China are pagans, and seem doomed to remain so. It is because so many people at home here never give a thought to the foreign missions, much less ever give a cent to assist them. It is true that there are not enough priests at the moment to convert all China but every year the number of missionaries and churches there is growing, as is the number of conversions and baptisms. There are every year too, more and more vocations for the foreign missions. There are every year more and more Masses and Communions offered for the success of the foreign missions? Why then do we not get record results? What holds the work back?

There is one great thing that holds the foreign missions back. Or rather the lack of that one great thing, we should say. And that is MONEY. Yes indeed, MONEY, MONEY, MONEY. Money is needed to furnish the necessities of life to our missionaries, to keep our seminaries going, to keep up the propaganda work on behalf of the foreign missions. Money makes the world go round, sometimes perhaps as far as the secular world is concerned the wrong way. But money makes the religious world go round too, so to speak, in harmonious cycles of spiritual success. With sufficient money we can put the foreign missions on a basis of wonderful unexampled success.

God will send us the money we need, we feel sure. Some of it, dear Juniors, will come through you. You can find somebody perhaps, who does not yet take THE SIGN and induce him or her to become a subscriber. Maybe you can make some little sacrifice to save a dollar out of your pocket money and send it to us for the foreign missions, which our Passionist Fathers undertake in China and elsewhere. You can send for a Bobby Mite Box and put your pennies in it from time to time till it is full, then send its contents to us for our missions in China. And if you never have any pennies at all, never mind, you can pray for the success of our foreign missions, and God will bless the work through you and your prayers. If you are poor, so much the better in many ways, Christ was poor you know, and there is nothing said in the gospel about the Boy Jesus having any pocket

money or any toys. If you are poor you are like Christ. Become more like Him as you grow older, by trying to catch a spark of that all-burning love of His for the salvation of souls, which made Him die for sinners on the Cross. And you can do this best by trying to help even ever so little, the glorious work of leading the pagan soul from the darkness and cold of error and heathenism to the light and warmth of the true Church of God.

Your friend in Christ

DADDY SEN FU.

A Happy Man's Shirt

BY F. HILDEBRAND

THIS is the story of a king who lived long centuries ago. He was the richest man on earth, and all the millions of dollars possessed by our multi-millionaires of today would have been as nothing to his wealth. He was a strong man too, and had wonderful health; could enjoy his meals properly (and they were some banquets) and had all kinds of excellent friends.

He possessed palaces, and horses, dogs, treasures—everything the world could give him. Yet he was not the least bit happy. His friends began to notice it first, then others afterwards saw that the king was not normal. He never smiled at anything, but went around the palace scowling at everything and everybody. The court physicians consulted among themselves, and decided that the king must be ill. They told him so. He said he knew it already, and ordered them to cure him. He said if he could get a good laugh at anything he thought he would get better, but so far he had seen nothing to laugh at. Most things bored him to weariness, he said. He stamped his foot angrily on the floor of the palace, and demanded that the doctors cure him inside of one month at most, and threatened that if they failed to do so he would have their heads cut off, one head every day, until either they succeeded or there was not a doctor left in the land. Then he stamped out of the room.

When he went out, the doctors were not laughing, believe me, they were as serious as a bunch of owls on a rainy evening, every one of them hated to think his head might be cut off. It is a very unpleasant experience, anyway, and after a man has had this treatment given him he is never the same. Some were for looking for other jobs, where they would be able to keep their heads on permanently, for of course heads are very useful for many purposes from thinking with, down to hanging hats upon.

THE † SIGN

One old man hit upon what he thought was a good solution. He suggested they should advertise for all the funny men of the kingdom to come to court and tell the king all sorts of comic stories. Somebody would be sure to make the king laugh, and then their heads would be safe.

So they advertised for all the funny men of the kingdom to come to court, promising a large reward, for the man who should make the king laugh. The funny men came in thousands, and told the king all manner of stories, but not one of them succeeded in making the king laugh. On the contrary he was so bored by some of them, that he felt more like crying than laughing, and warned the doctors he would have them all beheaded at one swoop if he even saw as much as one funny man, so-called, around the court again. That night the doctors were quite unable to eat any dinner and one or two of them had a nightmare after they had fallen asleep.

Well, at last a soothsayer came along and predicted that the king would get better if he could get possession of the shirt of a happy man. The king was now really very ill and confined to bed and unable to eat. He caused a proclamation to be issued calling for a man who was truly happy to come to court, and that a large reward would be given him. But not a single applicant appeared. Then the king sent out messengers to examine all kinds of men and see if there was one who was really happy. They searched the kingdom for months, and could not find even one man who was really happy. Meanwhile the king grew worse.

One day, however, the messengers came across a man shrieking with laughter at a crossroads. They asked him why he laughed so, and he said it was because he was so happy. They asked him if he was always really happy like this all the time, so he said "Yes." They seized him and hurried him off to court.

He was brought before the king, and when the king saw him he certainly felt like laughing, for the happy man was the oddest sight you could ever see—his clothes were all torn and the toe had gone from one shoe and the heel from another. His hat had entirely lost its crown. Still the man did not seem to care about it a bit, but kept on laughing steadily. The king asked him for his shirt, Whereupon the happy man fairly roared aloud in glee. He told the king he had no shirt, he once had had one, but it had worn out and he had never been able to buy another. When he heard this, the king burst out laughing, and, as the soothsayer predicted, immediately became well. The king out of gratitude to the happy man immediately established him in the dry goods business, so ever afterwards he had

plenty of shirts not only to wear but to sell too.

This story points to the truth, that happiness does not come from the possession of great wealth or possessions, but is largely a state of mind, and comes from within. Very poor people can be intensely happy, and very often are. There are many sources of happiness open to each and all of us. One very good way to secure happiness ourselves, is to make somebody else happy, who would not be happy or could not be happy if we had not made them so. You know that there is a great sensation of happiness experienced by young folks in doing kind little deeds, whether it is something like giving a bone to a stray or hungry dog, or some food to a genuinely poor person who is destitute. The happiness that somebody else gets through us reflects itself back to us as it were and makes us happy.

One very good way to be always happy, is to set oneself the task, none too hard or difficult, of trying to make somebody happy every day, wholly or partly through our own efforts. If there is nobody around us who needs to be made happy, then we can always find somebody further afield who needs happiness. We can try to make people happy for God's sake, and if we are desirous of spreading spiritual happiness we can always devote some little time or money to helping to spread the work of the Foreign Missions. We are all happy when doing the things we like, and we all like doing good, so we should try to do as much good as possible and we will become more and more happy. True beauty is of the soul, and if we always think happy and beautiful thoughts, happiness will be reflected in our faces and our lives. As the poet Ingalls puts it, you remember the lines, they run like this:

We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts not breaths,
In feelings not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart throbs; he lives most
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Chop Suey a la Hunan

Juniors are probably aware that when our Passionist missionaries set out for the distant scenes of their labors in far-off China, they take a course of instruction in medicine and surgery. Not only must the priest have the cure of souls, but he must also have the cure of the bodies that have the souls inside them. This medical training is absolutely necessary for all.

The Chinese are in the dark in every sense where knowledge of medicine is concerned. They have a firm belief that most of the ills that people suffer are caused by the possession of evil spirits. Hence if a person is ill, the part affected must be pierced with a long sharp needle to allow the evil spirit to escape.

Passionist Chinese Mission Society

MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING SPIRITUAL BENEFITS:

While Living: One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts:

Jan. 1, The Circumcision	Aug. 25, St. Bartholemew
Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus	Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary
Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
Feb. 22, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross	Dec. 21, St. Thomas
July 25, St. James	Dec. 26, St. Stephen
	Dec. 28, St. John, Evangelist

After Death: One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls' Day.

Furthermore: Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

Perpetual Membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN, the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a Life Subscription is \$50.00. *It may be paid on the installment plan in amounts to suit your own convenience.*

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PLEASE WRITE TO:

The Passionist Missionaries

Care of THE SIGN

Union City

New Jersey



On Board the S. S. Pres. Wilson

MANY OF our friends will be anxiously awaiting some word from us regarding the first lap of our journey to the Orient. So far we have had no thrilling experiences with bandits, typhoons or ship-wrecks. Thanks be to God for that. But we have had some real thrills in witnessing, for the first time, many of God's wonders in America.

Of course all know that we sailed from San Francisco. The Golden Gate is a long distance from our happy American homes. In the long trip across the continent we were given many opportunities of seeing the wonders of America. Our visit to the Grand Canyon will never be forgotten. I was simply overwhelmed at its grandeur. One must see it to appreciate it as it is.

The overland trip carried us through some very hot and trying weather. About the only way in which we obtained some relief was by

BY MILES MCCARTHY, C. P.

leaving the train now and then as it pulled into some small station. In this way we got a little fresh air. Most of the trip we had the whole Pullman car to ourselves. The service given us was excellent. The porter took a particular pleasure in showing us every deference and many a time seemed to anticipate our every need.

Rev. Peter Hanley, one of the Passionist Fathers in Sierra Madre, together with some of our good

benefactors in that place, made our short stay with them a most enjoyable one. The Sisters were given most cordial attention, so much so, that I was led to remark to one of them, that did we stay there much longer some of them might be tempted to stay there forever.

The hardest part of the trip was the farewell at the boat. The most touching farewell was that of Mother Bonaventure and Mother Gervaise. It was heartrending and I'm not ashamed to admit that, as the boys say: "It got me."

The arrival of Monsignor Langenbacher helped to take the edge off. I really do not know what would have happened if the sudden excitement of his arrival had not occurred to divert attention and bring good cheer. I never was so happy to see anyone as I was to see the jovial countenance of our Monsignor. What a joy it was to all when we learned that



ON THE GOOD SHIP PRESIDENT WILSON

Rev. W. M. Sullivan, brother of Sister Florence, with Monsignor Langenbacher, C. P., Rev. Cormac Shanahan, Mother Gervaise, Mother Bonaventure and the four Missionary Sisters of St. Joseph from Baden, Pa.

THE † SIGN



A STARVED HUMAN

My fellow-man and yours! In temple—baptized—No picture can show the extreme concavity of his stomach. There are hundreds in this city of starvation just like him!

he would be with us all the way to China!

Our beloved Monsignor Langenbacher had found it necessary to return to China most unexpectedly. The result was that when he reached San Francisco he found himself booked for sailing with no state-room available on our ship. I was only too happy to forego the pleasure of a state-room and give him mine. I managed to bunk with one of the other Fathers without any great amount of inconvenience. Anyone of us would have gladly made the same sacrifice for the joy of having the Monsignor with us. So here we are, all together, happy and contented in mid-Pacific.

Seasick? Well, yes, just a little. But I am no exception. In fact, I got off a little better than the others. As soon as we left the Golden Gate there was a noticeable pitch to the vessel. It was not long before the rocking began to communicate itself to the stomachs of all the others. At dinner, our first meal on board, the Monsignor arranged for me to eat with the Sisters. I was given

instructions to do my best to entertain them, and, if possible, divert their minds from the distressing motion of the boat. It developed that none of the Sisters had much of an appetite. Somehow they had lost all relish for food of any kind. I tried to be true to my instructions and endeavored to awaken their dormant appetites by patronizing the menu myself. I started at the top and went straight through to the last item. I ate, ate, ate, and did eat some more. The Sisters were in spasms as they visualized my condition some hours later when according to all reasoning I was to get deathly sea-sick. Well, I felt sure that it was coming to me and thought I'd have as much fun as I could before the tragedy occurred. But the tragedy, much to the amazement of all, did not arrive after all.

The next morning I found out that I was the only member of our party who had not been sea-sick. I sought an explanation from the Steward. I told the Sisters that I had eaten so much that my stomach could not lift it. The Steward surprised me by saying that that was just about true. He told me that heavy eating was in many cases a wise policy and often prevented one from getting seasick. However the party is all well again. Occasionally someone gets

a bit dizzy and takes a day off. But even that is gradually wearing off.

Sitting down writing is one of the surest ways to get dizzy, one's head seems to swim after ten minutes. It is a terrible job, after that, to keep one's mind on the work. Just now my head is swimming forty miles an hour! The air seems to have suddenly filled with smoke. The room appears to have lost its shape.

We are instructing a little fellow here on board, trying to prepare him for his First Holy Communion. He is on his way with his parents to a U. S. Naval Station in Manila. It is about the best chance the youngster has of receiving his First Communion. He is progressing rapidly and we hope to have the ceremony before he disembarks.

We get no papers on board and depend solely upon the little radio sheet for information of the rest of the world. Latest reports tell us that there is much fighting in Shanghai. But we are not worried. Somehow we feel that we are in the hands of Divine Providence and that He has a definite work for us to do in China. The Lord will provide for our safety.

I find it impossible to continue. A heavy haze seems to fill the atmosphere of this room. It is nearly time for the dinner bell so I will



SCANT RATIONS

Barely existing on a bit of rice. Note bowls and chop-sticks.

THE † SIGN

have to try to pull myself together and cease this ramble. I will write soon again and give further details of our travels. Please continue your good prayers for me and for all those in our party.

I cannot close this letter to THE SIGN without repeating again my sincerest thanks for the numberless acts of kindness shown us prior to our departure. May God bless all my friends and all the friends of our Missions.

Have you a mite-box in your home? If not, why not? The home without a mite-box is like the table of Dives, the rich man of the Gospel. Would you deny to the poor the tiny pennies that too frequently go to waste? No, you do not throw them away. But how often do you spend them foolishly just because they are what they are—only pennies. Let the mite-box be the poor man at your door. Put into the box the odd pennies you get from time to time. God bless you for this charity to His poor.

The Chinese R's Rice, Rain and Ruin

By PAUL UBINGER, C. P.

NO DOUBT many of my American friends are wondering what has happened to me. I have lost count of the letters that I owe to friends at home. But though I have not written I would assure all these good friends that I have not forgotten them and that the only reason I have not corresponded with them is because I have found it impossible.

At present I am recuperating after an illness that for a time promised to be fatal. Thanks be to God I am again able to work for Christ and souls. I am now spending a few months of much needed rest after the severe attack of pleurisy which the Lord has seen fit to let me undergo. Father Quentin Olwell, C. P. is also here with me. He is likewise trying to regain his health after suffering from smallpox from which he just merely survived. This place is in the mountains of Kuling and is the property of the Irish Missionaries of Hanyang, Hupeh. These Fathers have been exceedingly kind to both of



IN DEATH'S JAWS

With some of Job's miseries and not without a little of his patience. In front of our lazzaretto. The figure in the rear is Pung Paulo. Both died.

us. May God reward their charity. We are certainly enjoying our stay here in this Denver of the Orient.

I cannot describe the great relief it is to be here away from all the trying circumstances prevailing in our mission district of Hunan. I have now spent nearly five years in China and I believe that poor Hunan is in worse condition than it ever was. After the ravages of famine, banditry, war and pestilence, with floods to complete the story, there is only misery in Hunan. It is barely existing and now, more than ever, needs God's sustaining providence to aid it.

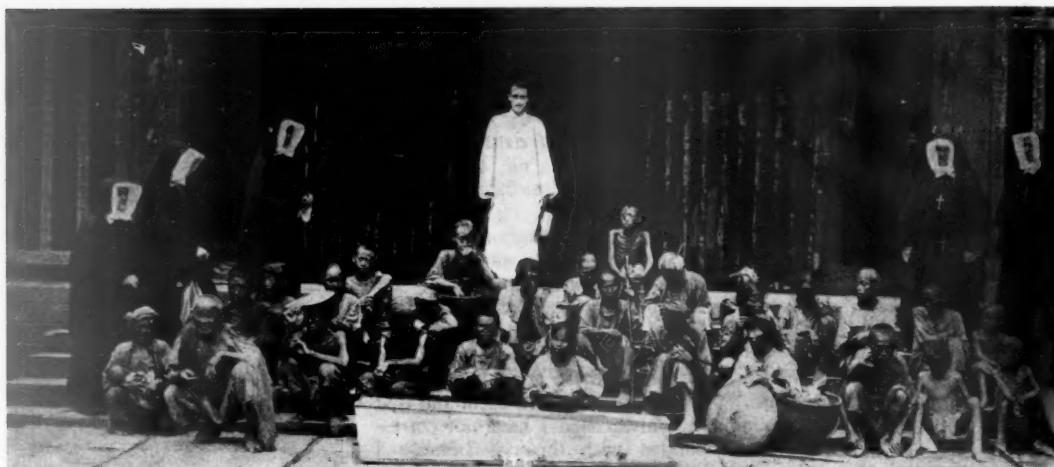
The work of the Passionist Missionaries in Hunan consists, for the most part, in baptizing dying babies brought to the Mission Compound or thrown down by the roadsides and river-banks. They are constantly striving to convert and baptize the adults who are dying on all sides—the result of starvation. Would that those who read this could see the poor unfortunates coming to the Mission day after day, throwing themselves at our gates, begging pitifully for only a bowl of rice! What is even



HUNGER MAKES THEM ANTICIPATE

So hungry they cannot wait, and eat or wolf their rations ravenously

THE † SIGN



THE DEAD AND SOME WHO ARE ANXIOUS FOR DEATH

There are some here who in their sufferings would gladly exchange places with Liu Gabriel in the coffin. Some in fact soon followed him and were like him, thank God, baptized.

more pitiful is the knowledge that for many of these unfortunates their only idea of salvation lies in a bowl of rice which they hope to receive from the Missionary.

During the past year all progress with regard to new buildings, schools and compounds was brought to a standstill. Famine, war and banditry have drained our resources and limited our brick and mortar activities. We must take our lives into our hands when we visit our out-lying Stations.

Rain and flood have wrought much damage throughout our district. In some of our Missions the water has risen some thirty feet thus inundating Missions and completely paralyzing our activities. It has rained almost continually for the last three months. Of course this will prove a blessing for the rice crop if the good Lord does not permit too much rain. Should our rice crop be ruined the disastrous consequences are simply unthinkable. The rice crop promises to be a bumper crop, but we daily pray God that He spare us the depredations of the Kweichow soldiers who are nothing short of common bandits. It would not be the first time that they have come into our territory and commandeered rice.

Just now we are at the crisis

of the year. There is terrible want and suffering. Beggars roam the streets by the hundreds. We are daily feeding hundreds of poor starved people. Thanks be to God and to our American friends we are able to do this work which daily brings souls closer to God and the saving Faith.

We obtained the use of a forsaken temple near our Mission Compound in Shenchow. This we use for famine relief. The first day we opened the doors we had twelve hundred for breakfast. Since that first breakfast each day the number has been augmented by new arrivals.

Many of these poor people are

Where there is a will there is a way. If you cannot send us a donation for the Missions in China, send us a new subscription to The Sign. Every subscription to The Sign is a real help to the Missions. You can become a real Apostle of the Missions by securing subscriptions to The Sign. Will you do this act of zeal to-day? Ask your friends and acquaintances to subscribe.

too ill to travel. These we place in the inner part of the temple which we have fenced off for this purpose. The good Sisters of Charity take complete charge of the sick. Every day the Sisters manage to prepare one or two for Baptism before death. Thus does God work in bringing good out of evil. What a pleasure it is to see the signs of peace and joy of heart written upon the faces of those thus favored in their dying moments!

And the little tots have not been forgotten. In the rear of our Mission Compound in Shenchow there is an old school house. This we have taken over as an emergency Orphan Asylum. Here we house the dear little children who will, we hope, some day be the pride of our Catholic Orphan Asylum. There are no sad faces where the good nuns care for the little ones. Happy tots they are to have such motherly care as that lavished upon them by the Sisters. These Sisters certainly deserve great praise for their untiring and self-forgetful labors since their arrival here in China. Could our American women see the sacrifices being made every day by these heroic women they would consider it a rare privilege to aid them and thus encourage them.

THE † SIGN

Yungshunfu

A \$300,000.00 Contest

BY AGATHO PURTILL, C. P.

IAST year's war is probably finished. At any rate we are having a war here now. I do not know whether it is the end of last year's war or the beginning of this year's war. It makes little difference. The fact is that war exists. It's a sort of fixed state of existence here in China. The soldiers know as little as I do about it. They probably do not even know what it is all about. Their part is getting their day's pay either in cash or in rice.

Troops left here last week bound for Tayung. They intended to take that city by storm, enjoy themselves looting it, return to Yungshunfu in the same fashion, seize the city again, loot it, and move on to other conquests.

There's many a slip twixt cup and lip. They returned defeated with the conquerors on their trail. Three thousand triumphant soldiers arrived in time to witness the conquered troops beat a hasty retreat. So here they are, living in the houses of the citizens, borrowing everything from a match to a bed. They are terribly weak on returning such borrowed articles. Just as soon as they decide to leave this city we will have a few civilian fights to help pass the

time. "That's my pan!" "That's my tea-pot!" "Yes? Well it's mine!" "It can't be yours because it's mine. I'm sure it's mine because mine had a broken spout!" "Oh, but mine had a broken spout!" The argument in its oral form ceases. Then comes a hair-pulling match to which no one pays any attention. Both contestants are lucky if the broken-spouted tea-pot does not form part of the defense and attack.

There is a humorous side to all the troubles of a Chinese city. It's better to look for this side. Otherwise one would soon tire of Chinese life and customs.

Ever hear a Chinese bugler do his stuff? I wish you could, even though I'd be sorry for you. An ordinary bugler over here blows everything from C sharp to B flat, mostly flat. Noise, plenty of it, that's what counts. The bugle itself is little better than the music (?) it produces, perhaps even

worse. Battered and punctured, hammered and soldered, sometimes bound with an oil-soaked rag to keep the notes from escaping too quickly—just imagine such a combination and you'll probably have some idea of the entrancing sounds they produce. Not unfrequently mud fills the punctures long enough for a blow-out. When it's time for another blow more mud is applied. If there's no mud at hand—well why worry? Some remedy new or old will be found in case of necessity. Why bother about the future? It will take care of itself. Don't trouble trouble until trouble troubles you. That's typically Chinese. Absolutely no cares for the morrow.

One general who passed through here last year engaged fifty boys and attempted to train them as buglers. Every morning at 4 A.M. he would line them up on the bridge crossing the river here in Yungshunfu. Then began the concert that electrified all Yungshunfu. It usually lasted until 6 A. M. The general had no idea of music and what is more did not expect it from his buglers. He had no intention of teaching the boys their notes. All he wanted was unison. Fifty different boys,



SISTERS' SCHOOL IN BACKGROUND. CHURCH AND MONASTERY TO RIGHT.
A partial view of the huge rice line that daily awaits a little nourishment in front of the Shenchow Mission.

THE † SIGN



HOPE FOR SOME OF THE AGED

Group of old folks who may survive these hard days because some readers of THE SIGN helped them. Hastily eating the rice just given them.

fifty different bugles, fifty different lengths and different degrees of resonance. And the object—UNISON.

It was while we were enjoying these daily concerts that we heard of the great bridge disaster in America. At four in the morning we were inclined to envy America its bridge catastrophe. Here we were obliged to enjoy (?) this little bridge party from four to six every morning. If only the bridge would collapse!

The general, a bandit, was hated and feared by the people. They tried to induce him to move on. He very courteously informed the citizens that he would gladly leave if they would present him with the small gift of three hundred thousand dollars! The demand was enormous, even for a city numbering some hundreds of thousands of people. Ordinarily such a demand would have been refused. This time the people flocked to the barracks with their money. In a few hours the army was marching out of the city.

Such a response completely puzzled me. But when I awoke the next day at almost seven o'clock, it was more than daylight that dawned upon me! Rest—quiet—peace—at last! The buglers had "played" their part of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. From

nooks and crannies, pockets and banks they had charmed the unsuspecting pennies of the people and to the jingling tune of clinking gold and raucous notes of battered bugles, away they marched to their next conquest. It was worth the price to get rid of them!

A Chinese battle is also amusing. Noise decides the victory. Bandits have been known to attack a city with no other weapons than firecrackers. When nearing their objective they begin firing their guns and fireworks. This usually takes place in early morning. Sleeping people are awakened by the apparent bombardment. They are convinced that it is either the devil himself or the bandits. In either case there's no remedy. The noise is too great, the like of which they cannot produce. In march the bandits to take undisputed possession of the city and of a good part of everybody's belongings.

I heard it related that in a big battle near Peking one of the contending armies succeeded in obtaining a large supply of empty oil-cans. These they filled with firecrackers and exploded them as quickly as possible. The sound of these explosions convinced their opponents that it was all the result of musketry. The noise was too much for the enemy. They retired

because they could not make a noise so great.

A few years ago there was a battle near Hankow. Both armies were reported as well equipped. Machine guns began firing and continued day and night. Such a noise! After firing all day and all night there was not a single casualty. The battle remained undecided because no one could ever know just which side made the most noise. I suppose both sides were given great credit for the noise they produced.

A former general of the city was telling me that he had a great number of excellent guns. Naturally I inquired about the calibre and make. To all my scientific questions he answered "Bushough-te" "Don't know." But he assured me that they were very fine guns for their report was extremely loud!

Such is China. The above will give you some idea of what we Missionaries have to contend with. The obstacles are many. But we try to be real followers of Christ and the Apostles. To grow faint-hearted and discouraged—that we



A SISTER'S CHARITY

This baby—as most—left at the Sisters' gate comes just in time to receive the sacrament of baptism.

THE † SIGN

cannot do. We must cultivate a spirit of cheerfulness in adversity. Some day, in God's own time, China will be converted.

I often think of America with its spirit of progress and ever-increasing success. I try to visualize a new China, thrilled, as is America, with an ambition and true love of country. I try to visualize a Christianized China adoring the One True God, living a Christian life and acknowledging Christ our Savior. And sometimes I think it is impossible. If we had a thousand more Passionists in our district here the work could be done and done in a short time. Must we wait until Catholic zeal in America makes this possible by its response to our appeals for help? Then say I "How long O Lord, how long?" Did American Catholics fully realize what a privilege is theirs, did they know how much each penny helps—perhaps—who can say—perhaps in ten years Hunan, China would be a new and impregnable link in the endless chain of Christ's Church on earth. May God let us help in hastening that day!



AT THE MONASTERY DOOR

From far and near these hungry people pictured here with Father Cuthbert, C. P., have come with one hope—to beg enough rice to live. Some are so reduced when they reach Shenchow that they live but a short time.



THE CHARITY OF AN AMERICAN PASSIONIST

Father Theophane Maguire, C. P., writes: *Father Cuthbert bathing one of the scores of famine-victims that have come to us on the point of death. Though a few of the onlookers laughed, most did not. Even a pagan with a decent heart can see something noble in the charity of Christ as practised by His servants and be drawn to Christ by that charity.*

Luki

More About Bandits

BY RUPERT LANGENBACHER, C. P.

A LETTER from this 'Middle Kingdom', another poetical name for China, without some mention of bandits, must sound as Prohibitionally dry as a description of Boston without some reference to beans, culture and brown-bread.

Luki, previously devoid of excitement and dead as a cat who has just yielded up its ninth life, has recently awakened with a start; the start being provoked by the coming of various robber bands. The first advent was when ten or more of these Chinese I. W. W.'s swooped down under the blackness of night and made a sudden attack against a small outlying barrack within sight of my Mission. Before the intruders were routed they had succeeded in purloining a few choice army-rifles,

but in the melee that followed one of their number was run through with a bayonet. His well picked bones were found next morning not far distant from the previous evening's encounter; the ghastly work of the wild dogs who inhabit the neighboring mountainsides.

A few weeks after this opening episode, our military protectors took french leave, thus entrusting us to the tender mercies of the ever roving bandits. Shop-keepers immediately closed their doors or else put under cover all that was considered valuable. Even the 'bah-shin,' or common people, sought hiding places for their miserable belongings.

Not knowing for a certainty whether my remaining in this out-Mission of Shenchow under the circumstances, would disclose a soldier's bravery or a fool's valor, I took counsel with some of the Christians. The more prudent of them considered my returning to Shenchow as the best solution to the difficulty. In a short time we were on our way. We arrived in Shenchow after dark, and soon

THE † SIGN



FATHERS FLAVIAN MULLINS, C. P., AND ARTHUR BENSON, C. P.

With them are a General and other military officials of Supu. The majority of these men are Christians and the others are expected to be received into the Church shortly.

learned that a battle with the bandits had occurred at a point we had just passed two or three hours before.

Nor was the dread fear of the bandits coming to Luki an empty one. For come they did, a hundred and more; encamping just across the river and striking terror into the heart of young and old. For three nights many of the inhabitants slept in their clothes, prepared for instant flight.

Meanwhile, I had been in Shenchow over a week, when the acting-prefect deemed it better that I return to administer to the spiritual wants of the Luki Christians. It was impossible to hire a boat, for no boats would run the risk of going up-river, knowing they would certainly be relieved of their cargo. There was only one way left. Take shank's mare and hoof it. This we decided to do; my cook, servant, and two carriers making up the party.

For the first ten miles all went well, but each of us knew the chances for falling in with bandits was most favorable. Trudging

along, albeit a bit foot-sore, we suddenly came upon a respectable looking individual who accosted one of my carriers and began taking an inventory of his bundles. So this was a bandit! I had heard enough about them but this was my first-hand acquaintance with their universally hated tribe. Soon the bandit, after a few minutes conversation with my carrier, nonchalantly walked away. This was contrary to my expectations, and catching up to the carrier inquired what mysterious and effective ruse he had employed that we were permitted to go in peace. "Oh!" said he, "the bandit asked me if we had any soldiers accompanying us and I told him 'yes,' thirty; they are just behind us." Well, it didn't take an overplus of brain-matter for me to know that shank's mare had now better shake a leg, for once that bandit discovered he had been 'taken in,' his bile wouldn't be much improved.

Five miles further on another surprise was in store for us. We were told that Luki was besieged by bandits, who demanded six

thousand dollars before they would remove their unwelcome presence. Talk about thrills! Here we were walking right into the expectant arms of one of Hunan's most feared bandit chiefs. I surmised he wouldn't be dead opposed to taking a little American Missionary under his wing, hoping to fall heir to a nice fat ransom. But as orders are orders, even though at times hard to carry out, we kept right on going—ahead!

With something of the joy that fills the heart of a baseball fan when he hears his home-team won the pennant, I received the glad news, when less than a mile from Luki, that the bandits had vacated; for having attained three thousand dollars and a few days rations, they had graciously departed for other fields of endeavor. At first the Luki populace had tardily acceded to the bandits repeated demands for money, but a well-aimed volley from business-meaning guns, tickling the tiles and gables of the "Tdz Si", or mandarin's dwelling, had hastened the bestowal.

THE † SIGN

Even now, we are not bandit-free; and almost daily there comes the news of another act of depredation. Surely the Chinese are to be pitied in their subjugation to robber-hordes. May God quickly loosen their bonds, and re-bind them with His Divine Love!

ONE afternoon a hurried summons came for me to attend a said-to-be dying parishoner at the upper end of the town. As my Catechist and I hurried thither, I learned from him many things uncomplimentary to the ailing Christian. First, he was an opium-smoker; Secondly, he had more than the one permissible "ch'i dz," or wife; Thirdly, he was an apostate.

Arriving at the man's home we were admitted without opposition. To my surprise the invalid seemed in no special danger of death. He insisted on sitting up in bed and chatted pleasantly with us for half an hour or more. With the aid of my Catechist, I pointed out the dangerous condition of his soul

and urged him to prepare for confession. He readily admitted his flagrant crimes and promised amendment. He asked, however, for a few days grace to put his soul in order; moreover, he assured me he would send wife number two away as soon as possible. This would cost him no great effort, inasmuch as she had failed to bear him a much desired son; and had only added another daughter to the previous two borne him by wife number one.

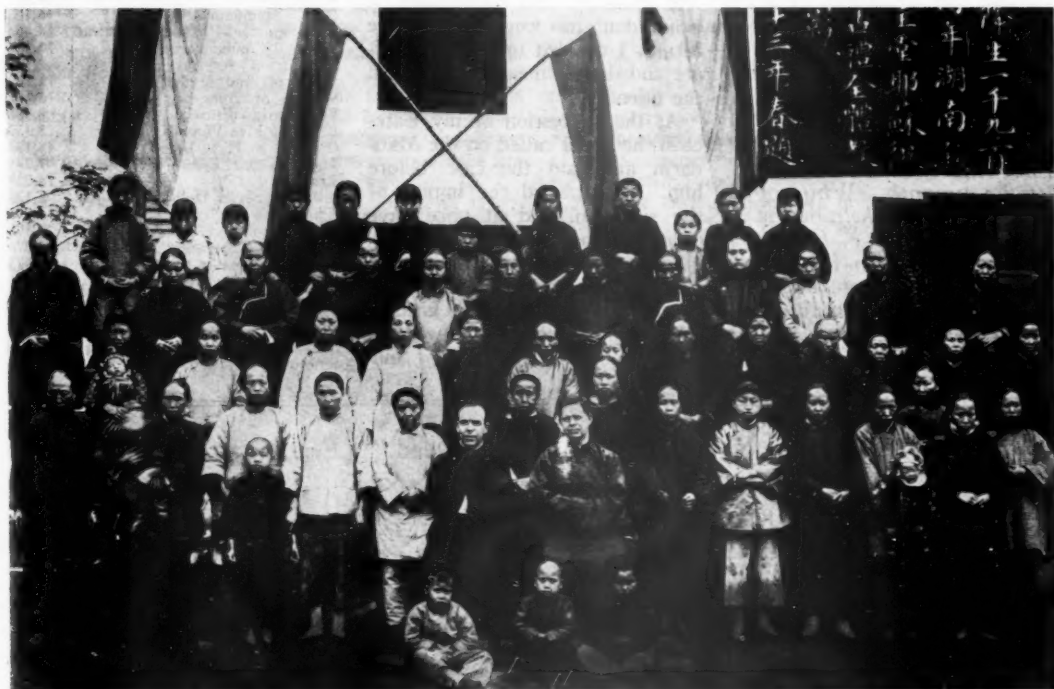
I then left him, promising to call on the morrow. Next day we again visited him but admittance was not so easily gained this time. On my inquiry as to the condition of the master of the house, I was curtly told, "getting better; sleeping, don't disturb him." I asked to see him but his wife and several others politely attempted to bar my entrance to the room. This at once confirmed my suspicion that the man was not 'getting better,' and I forced my way past the would-be detainers. One glance at the sick man and my

fears were realized: He was really asleep, as they had said, but it was the sleep of unconsciousness.

My attention was at once attracted by the Catechist pointing to a truly weird sight. It was the likeness of a huge serpent, made of colored paper and entwined about the dying man's bed. I ordered it to be removed at once, meanwhile inquiring of the Catechist its significance. He replied that the people of the house had placed it there to ward off the devil, should he come to harm the man's soul.

In vain we tried to arouse the unconscious man until, relying on his good disposition of the day before, I gave him conditional absolution. Almost instantly, he opened his eyes and endeavored to sit up in bed, but his strength was not equal to the task, nor did he fully regain consciousness. I left orders with one of the neighbors that, in case either consciousness should revive, or death was really imminent, he should notify me at once.

That same day shortly after



GROUP OF WOMEN AND GIRLS BELONGING TO THE PASSIONIST MISSION AT SUPU.

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supper the neighbor came with the news that the man was surely dying. Hurriedly I accompanied him to the Christian home, but alas! we were too late—Death had preceded us almost an hour previous. I requested to see the corpse and once more opposition was placed in my way. This time it was from the deceased's pagan brother, who endeavored by physical force to prevent my approach. I retaliated and succeeded in push-

ing him aside. Then, learning that death had apparently occurred only half an hour before, I again gave conditional absolution.

Fearing, after my departure the pagan brother would have recourse to devil-worship over the lately departed, I stationed a Christian to keep watch. On my return journey homeward I could not help but recall that oft quoted adage: "As a man lives, so shall he die." This man, for years had done without the services of a priest, and now, when they were most needed and seemed to be at hand, death had glided in and intercepted their bestowal.

One more incident deserves to be mentioned before closing this little Mission narrative. The day after the man's death, the Christian appointed by me to keep watch came hurriedly to tell me my orders had been disobeyed—that devil-worship had been practiced over the corpse, namely, the burning of incense-sticks and paper money. Realizing that if this disdain of the Church's authority was to be left unnoticed and unpunished, it would doubtless work havoc in the future, I decided to take immediate and drastic measure to punish the offenders.

At the suggestion of my Catechist, he and I called on the Mandarin and laid the case before him. He grasped the import of the situation, and at once gave orders for the violators of my prohibition to be punished if they again proved disobedient, for, as he said, the pagans had no authority to impose their devil-worship over the remains of one of our

Christians. This decision sufficed to restore the "face" which the Church had "lost", when the pagans had disregarded my injunction, and the offenders afterwards proving tractable, we had no further trouble.

Gemma's League

Gemma's League is a pious association under the patronage of Gemma Galgani, a wonderfully holy girl who, we hope, will soon be raised to the honors of the Altar. In her humble and suffering life she carried on a remarkable apostolate of prayer. Members of this association offer prayers, sacrifices and good works for the success of the Passionist missions in China. If you wish to join the League, please write to THE SIGN.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY

The following prayers and good works were offered for the missions in China during September.

Masses read	31
Masses heard	8,861
Holy Communion	6,103
Visits to the Blessed Sacrament	14,484
Spiritual Communion	72,823
Benediction Services	2,534
Sacrifices and Sufferings	11,222
Stations of Cross	3,128
Visits to Crucifix	8,888
Beads of Five Wounds	3,330
Offerings of P. P. Blood	45,133
Visits to Our Lady	7,248
Rosaries	14,034
Beads of Seven Dolours	2,138
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,314,941
Hours of Study—Reading	6,392
Hours of Labor	24,073
Acts of kindness, Charity	12,573
Acts of Zeal	14,966
Devotions—Prayers	247,997
Various Works	14,659
Hours of Silence	540
Holy Hours	528
Litanies	2,489

New Dimes! They are so rare that when you get one you give it a very special inspection. Not so many reach you. Ever strike you that here is a capital way of helping the Missions with very little hardship to yourself? Collect new dimes. We have a dime bank waiting for you. It holds just about five dollars when filled. It would take you a long time to collect fifty new dimes. You would never miss them because they would be deposited in the bank at such long intervals. Ten cents every week is very little. Perhaps new dimes will come your way not more than once or twice a month. Why not try this way of helping the Missions. Your friends will help you in this interesting way of doing good. Send for a dime bank today.

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.

REVEREND ALOYSIUS
BOYLE, C. P.
SISTER M. JOSE

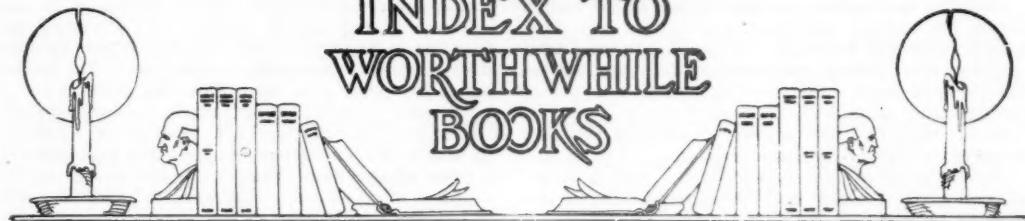
SISTER MARY
CUNNIBERTA
JOSEPH EUGENE
MOISAN
CHARLOTTE RAVEY
GEORGE POLLARD
MARY MCINTYRE
ADELAIDE CROWLY
LEARY
JOHN KELEHER
EDWARD J. KELLY
FRANCIS McLAUGHLIN

MRS. CATHERINE
CRONLEY
FRANCIS P. LYNCH
MRS. CLEMENTINE
KELLY
MRS. COLANGELO
JULIA EAGAN
JEREMIAH HARRIGAN
MADELINE A. SULLIVAN
BRIDGET McDONALD
HENRY C. BRIES
JOHN McKENNA

MRS. MARY A. KELLY
MRS. MARY O'DONNELL
JAMES FAGAN
MISS HELEN BOYLE
JOHN P. VON ACHEN

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS



ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.

THE WONDER OFFERING. The Holy Mass in Word and Picture. Simply Explained for Children. By Marion Ames Taggart. Net, 35 cents. Per hundred, \$31.50. Benziger Brothers, New York.

Realizing that the child's mind must be raised to things spiritual by means of things material—the author uses generously the symbolic interpretation of the various parts of the Mass. These are shown in eight full-page pictures of four colors, somewhat after the manner of a double-exposure. There are also six pictures in black and white. The book is $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ inches in size. The print is plain and sufficiently large. Miss Taggart explains the Mass with an attractive simplicity calculated to hold the attention of children, thus enabling them to attend Mass with better understanding and devotion.

THE POPE. By Jean Carrère. Henry Holt & Company Publishers, New York. Price \$3.50.

This is a work characterised by scholarly accuracy and comprehensiveness. The author has focussed the limelight upon Rome, the Rome eternal of the Church.

The first half of the book traverses the difficult and stormy path of the Roman pontiffs in their struggles against the Emperors from Nero to Napoleon. Many famous and dominant characters appear, and overshadow the pages of history. The story possesses life and romance.

Everywhere in the book is found a persuasive insistence on the idea that the Pope as a political prisoner is thereby a spiritual lord the more free, and that the Pope when apparently in the throes of defeat is at the apex of victory. The author reiterates his idea that the Pope feels that the Papacy is eternal, therein lies his strength; the world feels it too, therein lies the greatness of the Papacy.

About half the book is taken up with the matter of the Roman question, or the question of the temporal power of the Popes. The author insists that in the middle ages the temporal power of the Popes was an absolute necessity for the independence of the Church and her free development. Without this temporal power the spiritual power would have been precarious, always either in subjection or revolt, and its exercise difficult or impossible. If the temporal power had evils these evils were better for the Church than extinction or subjugation. The crux of the "Roman Question" today is whether the cogent reasons which legitimised the temporal power of medieval popes exist today. All the world looks for a solution of the matter.

Whether this solution will come, and what its nature will be the author does not predict. But he is distinctly hopeful and optimistic.

"In view of the evolution accomplished from 1871

to 1921, what may not happen between 1921 and 1971? And what in a hundred years, or a thousand years? Indeed let us never forget, when we watch the activity of the Roman Church, that we are watching a power for which fifty years and even a century, count less than for us one fleeting year. Conscious of eternity she can wait for anything."

The words of Pope Alexander III to Barbarossa when the aged Pontiff placed his sandal on the shoulder of the kneeling and humiliated Caesar, to signify the victory of the Church, might well serve as the epigraph of this work. Barbarossa had muttered to himself in the Pontiff's presence that any obeisance he did was "Non tibi, sed Petro." "Et Petro et mihi" rapped out the Pontiff. This is the master idea. Under whatsoever guise Barbarossa or Caesar may appear in the future, the successors of Alexander and Peter will humble and destroy him.

THE ROAD AROUND IRELAND. By Padraig Colum. The MacMillan Company, Publishers, New York. Price: \$4.

This is a very interesting book. From cover to cover there is not a dull line. The reader sweeps along over Irish brown roads, past unkempt hedges, beyond hilly fields enclosing miniature lakes. Occasionally a flock of geese marches along, and one encounters a woman with a shawl.

Here we have a clear vista of Irish landscape, and incidentally a cycle of Irish history. We sniff the fires of hedge brambles and furze bushes and talk politics with village ancients beside a turf fire. We attend a barn dance where candles gutter against the wall. There are "forty people in a room fourteen by twelve," for the Irish jigs and the "Jazzes from America."

The "Station" or semi-annual Mass in a farm house is treated with accuracy and reverence, and a typical country parish priest is introduced conducting a funeral service in another farm house, and receiving his "dues." Later a mild-mannered "curate" appears as the people's champion in the "land" settlement.

Next comes the "Big House," revolutionized since the ascendancy of the Saorstát government. Here is a very real picture of the faded hereditary governing class of Anglo-Irish Protestant, displaced by the new régime, and not yet used to it. "The Republican general here is the son of the local blacksmith, etc, etc."

In a kaleidoscopic panorama the scenes rush on. Past the low-set bogs we travel. We reach a town where four out of every five shops are "public houses" or saloons. Beautiful houses stand here, built during an era of political trouble at a cost of "four pence ha'penny" or nine cents a day, by men compelled to do this work.

THE † SIGN

Wedding negotiations and the settling of the bride's dowry are cleverly portrayed, and in this connection appear "returned Americans" of both sexes, who have acquired much hustle and a substantial bank roll in these United States. We meet local celebrities, pipers, fiddlers, and poets with their ready-made poems or "ranns," too. We hear stories of some of the nine hundred "raths" or castles in Ireland.

A description of "dear, dirty Dublin" and an introduction to the "fairies" and "good people" brings this pleasing volume to a close.

ORDINATION RETREAT. By Rt. Rev. P. Dadolle; translated from the French by Rev. S. A. Raemers, M. A. Price \$0.75. **OUR LADY MEDITATION OF ALL GRACES.** By Raphael V. O'Connell, S. J. Price \$1.25 John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Pieree Dadolle, Bishop of Dijon, a man honored for his piety, learning, and accomplishments, died on May 22, 1911. During his retreat in preparation for the reception of the holy priesthood he recorded his impressions on the order to be received, and the outlook he then entertained on the priestly life outside the seminary. This manuscript became the property of his priest-brothers after his death. Friends privileged to view it urged its publication. It is written in the first person. This neat booklet, bound in kerotol, furnishes a few thoughts which seminarians may find useful.

Whether or not the Universal Mediation of the Blessed Virgin is capable of being defined as a dogma of faith is now undergoing examination by a commission of theologians appointed by the Holy See. Devout

Catholics hearing this news, will be stimulated to seek literature bearing on this subject. Fr. O'Connell for their benefit presents a brief and well-written synopsis of the traditional viewpoint on this topic. The motive behind his labor is to show that this truth is not a mere pious opinion, but an article belonging to the deposit of faith. Succinctly he explains the outstanding among Mary's prerogatives, and then expounds the doctrine of the Virgin Mother of Our Saviour as the dispenser of all graces. This work of solid piety will be welcomed by devout clients of Our Lady. It will afford excellent nourishment for the piety of all.

PROHIBITION. By Lucian Johnston. The Universal Knowledge Foundation, New York, N. Y. Pgs., 15. No price given.

So much written information and misinformation concerning Prohibition has been flaunted before the eyes of the public that it is difficult to induce anyone to read more of it. But if there is a person who desires at least a clear presentation of this matter, he will find it in this pamphlet. With neat precision the author defines the meaning of Prohibition, discusses it in the light of sound ethical principles, and calmly and conservatively weighs the good and evil effects of the eighteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States. In conclusion he advocates the permission of light wines and beer as a remedy for the admitted evils, both physical and moral, which have resulted since the advent of compulsory prohibition. This pamphlet is a reprint from the latest edition of the Catholic Encyclopedia. It is an intelligent and conservative exposition of this vexing question.

JOIN NOW !

We know that you all want to remember the Christ Child on His Birthday. But somehow, when Christmas comes along, it usually finds us confronted with more expenses than we can conveniently bear. How often the Christ Child is forgotten on His own Birthday!

Join now the list of Christmas Missionary Savers. Penny by penny can be safely stowed away in a Mite-Box. Christmas will soon be here. By that time you will have saved enough pennies to include the Christ Child's gift in your list of presents. **BUT START NOW.** Fill out the following form and send it to us without delay.

Passionist Missionaries:

Please send me a Mite-Box. I will gladly try to fill it for Christmas. I may not have much in it by that time; but whatever there is I will send you at Christmas time. I will do my best. Please remind me to return it sometime in December.

Name

Address

ALL DONATIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE REGARDING OUR MISSIONS IN CHINA SHOULD BE ADDRESSED AS FOLLOWS:

THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES,
c/o THE SIGN,
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (HEB. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors who have contributed to the relief of the famine-stricken in China. May God Himself reward abundantly their generous charity!

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State, County and City Bonds	281,257.30
Railroad Bonds and other	
Stocks and Bonds	1,296,633.01
First Mortgages on Real Estate	2,125,747.85
Loans and Notes Purchased	1,318,985.43
Cash on Hand and in Banks	288,584.32
Accrued Interest Receivable	69,437.68
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	83,001.00
	<u>\$5,805,862.53</u>

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Capital	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	225,064.51
Unearned Discount	4,518.91
Reserved for Interest, Taxes, Etc.	5,061.00
Bills Payable	325,000.00
Reserved for Dividend No. 29	7,500.00
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PLEASE READ
the
STIRRING STORIES
and
STUDY THE
APPEALING PICTURES
IN
THE MISSION SECTION
of this Issue



MENU

Fruit-Supreme
Celery
Olives Nuts
Cream Soup
Cheese Wafers
ROAST TURKEY
Stuffing Gravy
Mashed Potatoes
Southern Yams
Buttered Onions
Biscuit Butter
Cranberries
Cider
Stuffed Tomato
Salad
Mince and Pumpkin
Pie

FULL and PLENTY

VERY year our President appoints a national Thanksgiving Day. Living in the richest and most prosperous country in the world, we owe a huge debt to the bounty of God. Pictured above is a typical Thanksgiving Day dining-room in the average American home. We all have not everything on the Menu, and there are some really poor amongst us. But we all have enough to eat, thank God!

Please Send Your Donations To:
THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES
Union City c/o The Sign New Jersey

EMPTY and NAKED

BELOW is seen a group of poor famine-victims in front of a pagan temple in Shenchow, China, which our Missionaries have rented to care for the stricken. Read the text under the picture. Think of the utter wretchedness of these naked wasted bodies. Thank God from your heart that their misery is not yours. Thank God honestly as though you mean it. No matter how poor you are you are much richer than these famine-victims. Be grateful. Show your gratitude in a practical way by sharing with them some of your own abundance!



GROUP OF FAMINE-STRICKEN IN FRONT OF A TEMPLE IN SHENCHOW

Father Theophane Maguire, C. P., writes: Whilst these famine-victims were being assembled others were dying inside near the altar and at the feet of the idols. Most of this group have already died, but their places were quickly taken by others as starved and pitifully wasted. If this be not famine. . . .!

